The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XV NO. 17 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1937 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE
The Legacy of Samuel Butler

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON
Reviews "The Nile" by Emil Ludwig

MARTHA GELLHORN
Reviews "Mortgage Your Heart" by Sophus Keith Winther

ALLAN NEVINS
Reviews "None Shall Look Back" by Caroline Gordon

W. J. HENDERSON
Reviews "The Life of Richard Wagner, 1848-1860" by Ernest Newman

von Horn

EMIL LUDWIG

"Beginning with the lovely Queen of Sheba, whom the Abyssinians claim with Solomon as the ancestor of their line of kings, he picks out the most striking bits of history and tells them so that we remember them."

(See page 5)

TUSCULUM COLLEGE LIBRARY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT *in a forthcoming issue of* McCALL'S MAGAZINE, *urges the vital importance of*

"We or They"

Two Worlds in Conflict

by HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

"This brief masterpiece is written in the great tradition of pamphleteering—a companion piece, if you like, to the clarion writing that Tom Paine did by firelight long ago on a drumhead at Valley Forge.

"It will take you an hour to read, and much longer than that to forget. You will find it a helpful guide when you try to thread your way through the maze of the daily papers. Not in many years have I come upon any book which I could wish so many Americans might read and ponder and learn by heart!"

only $1.50 per copy

Silver Stampede

by NEILL C. WILSON

The real story of Death Valley's hell-camp, Old Panamint, of the miners and merchants, gamblers, renegades and courtesans who made her hum in her heyday. Mr. Wilson, author of "Treasure Express," tells the story with a full appreciation of the picturesque, the humorous, the zestful and the violent. $3.00

The Amazing Frederic

Life Story of Frederic II of Sicily, "Emperor of the Romans"

by GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

Although one of the greatest geniuses of all the ages, Frederic is almost unknown to the average reader, even the student of history. Full of color and action, spiced with the atmosphere of his times, this book has the fascination of romantic fiction, while based on meticulous research. (Illustrated.) $3.75

Murder Walks The Corridors

by JAMES D. PERRY

A fast-paced mystery. A series of murders are committed inside a private hospital. To avoid his own arrest, a young doctor is forced to take over the hunt for the criminal. $2.00

The Alice Bradley Menu-Cook-Book

The new volume for April, May and June, containing daily menus, shopping lists, etc., in attractive volume which lays and stays flat! $1.50

Sugar: A Case Study of Government Control

By JOHN E. DALTON Complete, authoritative, timely, is this study by the former chief of the Sugar Section, A A A, of pre-war and post-war forms of Federal control. $3.00

At Bookstores Everywhere

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Legacy of Samuel Butler

BY MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

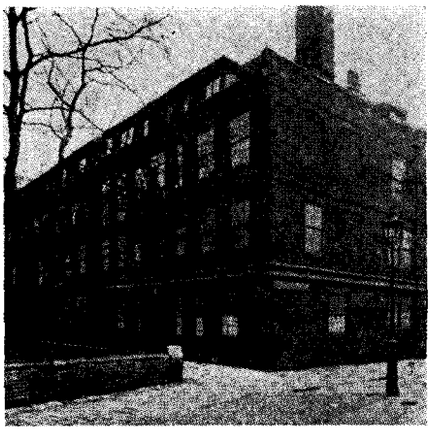
IT IS more as a portent than for anything he wrote or thought that Samuel Butler must be regarded as one of the most significant figures of the latter part of the last century. His own generation ignored him. His fame was almost wholly posthumous. In so far as he was known at all in the flesh it was as an oddity, an eccentric with a number of queer bees in his bonnet, as that the Odyssey was written by a woman, that the credit for formulating the Theory of Evolution must go rather to Erasmus Darwin, Buffon, and Lamarck than to Charles Darwin, and that habit, not chance, was the chief factor in producing variations. His painting, to which he devoted a great deal of time, was with one exception—his picture "Family Prayers"—too mediocre to merit serious attention; his musical compositions, to which he also devoted much time, were scarcely even mediocre; his books, apart from "Erewhon," which he published anonymously, were ignored or slated, more often ignored, and each was in smaller demand than the last. His death in 1902 attracted as little notice as his life.

SAMUEL BUTLER

Yet a few years later his reputation had swollen to immense proportions. His autobiographical novel, "The Way of All Flesh," published in 1903, was hailed as a masterpiece; his friend Festing Jones wrote a two-volume "Life," in which his smallest doings and sayings were meticulously recorded; his Note-Books, in which he had jotted down his thoughts from day to day over a large number of years, were published and appreciatively received, and even his scientific works were re-issued and shared in the general revival of interest in him. He was presented by his many admirers as the first great exploder of Victorian hypocrisy, the pioneer rebel and inveigher against cant, as one who successfully and courageously undermined the most cherished contemporary institutions, and who, in drawing a satirical, yet authentic, picture of the family life of a country clergyman, had exposed the appalling insincerity of family life as such. In their opinion he was a wholesome wind blowing away the stuffiness of a hypocritical age, clean thought invading the dreary habitations of tepid superstition and self-interested humbug, the voice of one crying in the wilderness: "Make straight the way for Bernard Shaw!"

This view of him still persists. "It was Samuel Butler," Mr. Joad writes, "who first laughed at the gods of Victorian England; it was Samuel Butler who thawed that first tiny hole in the icy crust of Victorian morality, through which were soon to pour the floods of Shavian invective." Others, however, have grown skeptical about this process of shaking the stuffing out of the portentous lay figure of Victorian complacency. A conviction has grown on them that the floods of Shavian invective are fountain-like, ornamentally sprinkling the source whence they came, and that the only stuffing Butler and his like shook out was their own.

The revolt against Victorianism, in fact, has come to seem only the crowning unreality of that unreal time; the final elaboration, the final fantasy that brought the whole structure tumbling down, to lie now rotting on the ground. This necessitates a revaluation of Butler. Did he draw aside the curtains of his father's rectory, letting in daylight; or hang still thicker ones, plush curtains, making even more extravagant shadows than the others, a chillier twilight that bred more fabulous dreams? Was he, not so much the Anti-Victorian, as the Ultimate Victorian, fleeing more frenziedly and further afield even than his contemporaries did; where they buried their appetites under deep layers of sentimentality, trying to abolish his altogether; outdoing their pattern of domestic felicity with another of solitary felicity; stuffing ideas, instead of conventions, into the mouth of passion to silence it; laying up treasure not even of gold, but of paper money?



CLIFFORD'S INN

Like his fellow Victorians, the deepest need of his nature was to escape from the reality of his own existence; only he escaped by means of ideas, and they by means of emotions. He was a pioneer idealogue. His mind was his refuge; and he lived secure amongst its shadows and fantasies. Where for instance Dickens shaped his turbulent appetites into creatures of darkness and light, making a melodrama of them, Butler shaped his into thought and made a utopia of them. His utopia was Erewhon, Nowhere, a quiet, twilit place where banks were churches, doctors priests, and disease alone was evil. It has very largely come to pass. Waiting at a bank-counter faces are reverent; and angels glow with health, not holiness—airmen or potent gamekeepers; and the psychoanalyst, or, as Butler called him, Straightener, ministers to all who travail and are heavy-laden; and virtue is assessed in public health statistics.

He created his Nowhere like any god—Let there be this, let there be that! The trick has caught on—Let there be peace, let there be progress. Whatever horrified, why, pluck it out! If his soul offended, pluck that out; if his appetites, pluck them out, too. A fellow-reader in the British Museum Reading Room, Karl Marx, adopted a similar technique. He,

Next Week

SOMETHING OF MYSELF
By RUDYARD KIPLING
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

PARADISE
By ESTHER FORBES
Reviewed by Kenneth B. Murdock

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too, god-like, created and abolished, and his Nowhere has also come to pass. It is a strange fact that at a time when so many prophetic voices were being noisily raised, the future should have lain with these bearded, morose two, so that today they have their capitals, Moscow and Geneva, with the world almost divided between them.

Having created his Nowhere Butler had to give it a Law. A Promised Land filled in the space he had cleared between himself and the horizon; but the tablets of stone were still unwritten on, the Covenant had still to be drawn up and ratified. Darwinism met his need. Oh, the joy that came to him when he laid down "The Origin of Species" after his first reading of it! What had seemed incomprehensible became comprehensible, what had terrified was now unformidable; chaos a pattern, and that pattern securely in his mind. He rolled up his sleeves. He got to work, not indeed in a laboratory, or even in the fields, but in the British Museum Reading Room. There he mastered the subject, first whimsically abolishing the superstitious débris of the past, then laying firm foundations for the future; thought placed on thought, orderly, impregnable. He soon left Darwin as far behind as the Thirty-Nine Articles. Darwin believed in chance, and chance was outside the Law. Chance had been abolished along with Heaven and Hell. It was as fiendish as speculation. Fixed-interest-bearing securities, trustee stock, for him. From amœba to *homo sapiens*, yes; but not just as the gentle wind doth blow, inevitably like compound interest; and not stopping at *homo sapiens*, on and on and on and on, and up and up and up and up, until *homo supersapiens*, supermen.

Men of science were resentful. Who was this amateur to come breaking in on their preserve? Why, he had never so much as been inside a laboratory, never handled a specimen or peered down a microscope or warmed up a test-tube, never studied fauna and flora. They forgot that the matter in hand had nothing to do with anything that ever was on sea or land. It was abstract, Erewhonian, as unconnected with life as an oil share with oil. To complain that Butler had never been in a laboratory was as unreasonable as complaining that a theologian had never been in a church. Brilliantly, ingeniously, he elaborated his theory, that habit and not chance produced variations, and that the spur thereto was an innate urge to progress, like the innate urge of officeboys to become managing-directors, back-bench Members of Parliament, Cabinet Ministers, private soldiers, generals, down-at-heel scribblers, oracular men-of-letters, all mankind healthy, wealthy, and wise. The Zeitgeist worked in him; and, expounding it, he laid about him with a heavy hand, confident that, though scorned and rejected while alive, recognition would sometime come. His confidence was justified. In the brave new world that the Zeitgeist produced he was acknowledged a prophet.

However much he might reduce the pressure of living, his own personal life went on. He did not manage to evolve himself creatively into an idea. A residue of unidealized living remained. Not much of a residue—"I get up about seven and immediately, in my nightshirt, go into my sitting-room and light my fire. I put the kettle on and set some dry sticks under it so that it soon heats enough to give me warm water for my bath. At eight I make my tea and cook my breakfast—eggs and bacon, sausages, a chop, a bit of fish or whatever it may be, and by 8.30 I have done my breakfast and cleared it away. Then I read *The Times* newspaper which takes me about 40-45 minutes. At 9.15 I do whatever little bits of work I can till Alfred comes at 9.30 and tells me all about the babies and whatever else interests him. We arrange what he is to do for the morning and I get away to the British Museum as quickly as I can; I am there about 10.15-10.30, according as I have any marketing to do or no. I work at the Museum till one. . . . Then I go out and dine either at home or at a restaurant, but I never have more than one plate of meat or vegetables and no soup or sweets. I find the less I eat the better for me. Alfred and I generally waste half an hour or so till about 2.30 or three, settling this, that or the other. From three till five or 5.30 I write letters or work at home while Alfred typewrites for me . . . and at four we always have a cup of tea together. At 5.30 I have my real tea, which consists generally of a bit of fish and bread and butter, and after that I may smoke. I may smoke after four if any one comes or if I have to go calling anywhere, but never otherwise. From six till eight I am alone and quiet. . . . At eight I almost always go to Jones, unless he comes to me. . . . At 9.30 I leave him, come home, have some bread and milk, play two games of patience, smoke a cigarette and go to bed about eleven." Even so, this residue, such as it was, remained.

It was not quite as bare as it looked. Hate enlivened it; a grudge worked on it, engendering "The Way of All Flesh." As Butler imposed his own pattern on the outside world so he imposed a pattern on the life within him. He hated his father, and therefore fatherhood was hateful. It was the Law that sons should hate fathers and fathers sons. Theobald and Christina, his father and mother in "The Way of All Flesh," were fatherhood and motherhood, and Ernest, himself, new life painfully shaking itself free of the old, struggling to achieve a better and separate existence. This, too, was the Zeitgeist. How joyously resentful sons seized on the doctrine! They might hate their fathers with impunity; more, it was their nature, their duty, so to do. The great Youth bubble began to blow itself up; the great idea that not the meek but the young inherit the earth, to start on its triumphant course. And why stop at father and son? What of husband and wife? Was not that an irksome relationship? The same doctrine applied to matrimony. If Ernest rightly gave up Theobald and Christina for Truth's sake, so might Theobald give up Christina or Christina Theobald. It might even be right to become, if not eunuchs, at least homosexual for the sake of the Kingdom of Truth. "The Way of All Flesh" has borne a rare progeny of young men and women living their own lives in their own way in their own rooms and in front of their own gas-fires; of earnest promiscuity—he matters to her, she matters to him, may matter, once mattered, matters no longer, mattering and not mattering and perhaps mattering; of poets in colored shirts who love one another, and are communists, and sing of the worker in his factory, the miner in his mine; of quiet, kindly, solitary persons who take each other's arms, and smile meekly as the kettle boils for tea, and go for country walks discussing the League of Nations on their way; of other novels—how many other novels! which empty out the insides of their authors as Butler, in "The Way of All Flesh," emptied out his

(*Continued on page* 14)

This Is the Trouble

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

THIS is the trouble with us all:
That we see under the shell, and we see under the inner shell,
And we see under what lies under what lies under,
And we cannot look at each other without laughing.

God (if there are prayers answered which come from the lying lips and the flippant tongue and the shallow breath),
Grant that some shadow of awe,
—Some gold fog of marvel—
Cover for once this terrible sun of our eyes!

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XV, No. 17, February 20, 1937. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Winding through History

THE NILE: THE LIFE STORY OF A RIVER. By Emil Ludwig. New York: The Viking Press. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

IT is hardly strange that rivers have captured the imagination of men. The wonder is that the rivers have had to wait till our own day and for the pen of Emil Ludwig to find a chronicler worthy of their mettle. And what river could be better as the hero of a chronicle than the Nile, which he makes the subject of this book? The Mississippi with its Missouri branch is nine hundred miles longer than the thirty-four hundred miles of the Nile, but it drains no greater territory. The Amazon excels the Nile in volume and breadth, but it is a hundred miles shorter and has no history. The Ob and Yenisei are great rivers, but who is interested in them? Even the great Yangtse, although it is three thousand miles long and boasts of more than a hundred million people in its valley, is insignificant compared with the Nile, not only in the area that it drains but in variety and history.

What rivers of the world equal the Nile in historic interest? The Jordan? But that is scarcely more than a little brook at the bottom of a crack in the earth's crust. The Rhine? But that, too, is small, and modern, and the same kind of civilization prevails from its source to its mouth. The Tigris and Euphrates? The Indus? The Ganges? These come closer to the Nile in quality, but we should almost have to combine them into one, and perhaps add the Jordan, in order to get such diversity of both scenery and history as we find on the Nile.

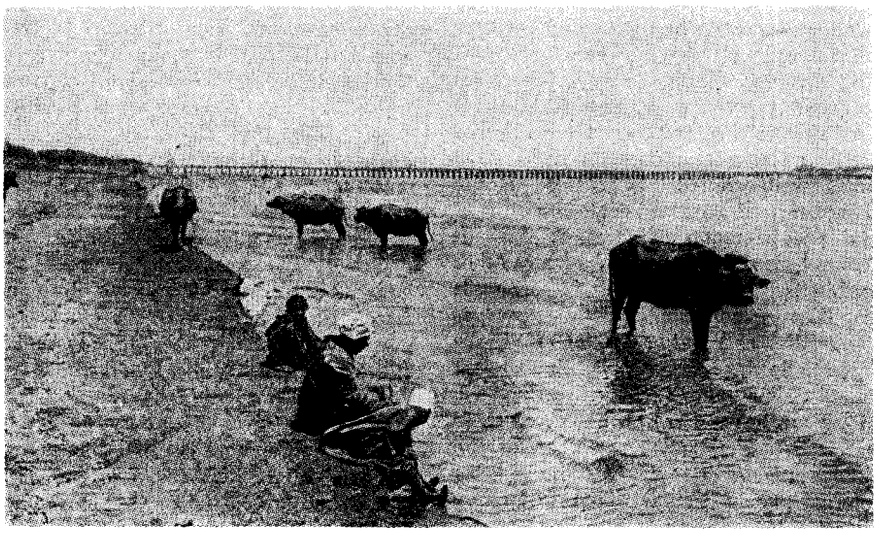
Consider the Nile as Mr. Ludwig follows its course. Close to the equator the snows of Ruwenzori form streams that soon dash along through marvelous tropical forests to Lake Victoria. No other river except the St. Lawrence flows through any such series of great lakes as does the Nile. There in its upper reaches, while it is still high above the sea, it drains the forest land of the Pygmies, the banana land of the Buganda. A little later it finds itself in the region which geographers call the wet and dry tropics, but for which Ludwig has no name. There it encounters that strange, dry forest with small, thorny trees scattered among tall grasses—a forest which dominates a large part of Africa. That forest is the home of the lion, the elephant, and a multitude of other famous wild beasts. Then, getting farther from the equator and down more nearly to sea level, the Nile reaches the great tropical grasslands where grasses twelve feet high conceal the elephants whose location is evident only from the white egrets which sit on their backs and pick up insects. There the river loiters in vast swamps some twenty-five thousand miles in area—swamps of papyrus and of marvelous water lilies, swamps that form floating bridges on which an elephant can sometimes walk and sometimes sink to his death.

The Nile has only begun its adventures when it leaves the swamps. It is still flowing through grasslands where live tall, slender, naked Negroes to whom six feet three inches is mere average height. Next the river reaches the Sudanese region of short grasses, many camels, and carefully clothed Arabs. Farther north it traverses the vast desert, winding bravely forward, bringing life to every spot that it can touch. At last it reaches what puny man supposes to be its goal, a land where it spreads out in great floods and waters the narrow plain and the broad delta that we call Egypt. There it seems to us to reach the acme of usefulness, but perhaps the river itself would say that its day is done, and that as it spreads out in the delta it is weakening against the day of death. But whatever either we or the river may say, no other river can claim such an extraordinary variety of zones along its path.

Where there is such variety of scenery there is bound to be an equal variety of history. Perhaps half of Ludwig's book is given to this. There is little to tell about the history of the Pygmies, or of the thin, tall Shilluks in the Sudd. The civilized Buganda who made Uganda the most advanced place in primitive Africa make a better story. But it is when he gets to Abyssinia that Ludwig lets himself loose to relate history in the same way that he describes scenery. Beginning with the lovely Queen of Sheba, whom the Abyssinians claim with Solomon as the ancestor of their line of kings, he picks out the most striking bits of history and tells them so that we remember them. In the Sudan he dwells on the contrast between the slight, sensitive, deeply religious, and firmly determined Gordon who perished at the hands of the fanatical Mahdi, and the big, stern, self-repressed, but likewise firmly determined Kitchener who revenged the death of Gordon and overthrew the Mahdi now grown fat and lustful. When the Nile reaches Egypt Ludwig finds so many interesting bits of history that he has space for only the juiciest. At Abu Simbel he pictures the character of the vainglorious Rameses II who had himself carved four times outside the temple there with a height of seventy feet, and his mother perhaps ten feet high, between his feet. The Pharaohs, Cleopatra, the Mamelukes, Napoleon, and modern British colonial policy all come in for discussion.

A book like "The Nile: The Life-Story of a River" is of high value to many kinds of people. It is not profound or learned; it does not break new ground; and the specialist will wish that it gave a more connected and accurate account of each topic. But it was not written for the specialist. Speaking from the standpoint of geography, not history, I find it more accurate than the great majority of books of travel, and far more accurate than certain other supposedly geographical books written by people whose main claim to attention is literary style. I could wish that it synthesized the geography of the Nile, giving a single bird's-eye picture in addition to many vivid pictures of individual spots. I could also wish that in a text where geography and history are so closely intertwined the causal relationships between the two were made more clear. But such failures are easily forgiven in a book which is written not only with rare literary charm, but with a deep appreciation of nature and of man. I can think of no better way of interesting students in history or geography than to give them this book.

Ellsworth Huntington is research associate in geography at Yale University and author of numerous books on the relation of environment to race.



THE ASYÛT DAM. *From "The Nile."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Two Novels of Western Life

MORTGAGE YOUR HEART. By Sophus Keith Winther. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARTHA GELLHORN

THIS is a book about the Grimsens, a family of Danish rent-farmers, living in Nebraska from 1906 to 1918. It is not a very good book. Peter Grimsen, the head of the family, is a stern parent and persistent farmer, who attends to his land, worries, and finally prospers. His wife is patient, hard-working, and a fine mother. His eldest son Alfred drinks, lapses briefly into industry, returns to the land, marries, drinks a little again. David, the next son, has a short whack at studying, farms, has two disastrous love affairs (disastrous for the girls involved), marries what seems to be a Danish farm slut, and keeps his own counsel on his own farm. The boy Hans is the central figure in the book. Early on he meets an extremely pious if pretty girl, loves her very innocently, converts himself at a Revival meeting and becomes an unduly active, unpleasant sort of Christian. At the university he reconverts himself out of Methodism into normalcy. The younger boys work on the farm and hang around.

None of these people seems very real. Their conversation is deplorable, never seeming to be the normal careless talk of people who know each other well, and the same frozen quality affects their thinking and their actions. Mr. Winther has a habit of informing you about his people from the outside. What is interesting and important about his book, however, is the background. There is no denying the facts on which the story is based, the facts of manual labor and lack of ready cash. The endless exhausting struggle of the farmer against time, weather, landlord, bankers. The hopeless close scraping to get a few scattered pleasures, or a few decencies. The time element is clearly brought out, work days that never end, nights of anxiety watching an undue rain, fatigue, the awful consuming effort of making things grow and getting them off the fields in proper order. The emphasis on money is exact and well-handled. Grimsen's minute concern for dollars and cents is a universal preoccupation of farmers: perhaps more true of farmers than of any other workers, in that the process of earning is for them so personal, so detailed, and so delayed. Mr. Winther muffed a chance here to do something superb. You understand Grimsen's problem with your head, not your heart. He has, however, given a clear, understandable picture of the physical actualities of farming and the eternal money problems farmers face.

Martha Gellhorn is the author of "The Trouble I've Seen."

THE SISTERS. By Myron Brinig. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by LUCIA B. MIRRIELEES

IN Myron Brinig's earlier novels he has made two important additions to an understanding of life in the Northwest. They are his keen, delicate analysis of the Rumanian Jew transplanted to Montana, and his colorful portrayal of a Western mining town. In sprawling form but with robustness and insight, he has written the epic of the Singermann family shown against the background of Silver Bow (Butte), Montana, a man's town, filled with trade, strikes, and lawless encounters. In "The Sisters" (Michael Singermann recounts the tale) it is a feminine world into which one enters. Hats, dresses, lovers, husbands, babies (imminent or arrived), dish-washing, slight jealousies or heroic fortitudes pro-

MYRON BRINIG

vide the materials out of which the epic of the Elliott family is woven.

Over father's drugstore in Silver Bow the mother and three daughters live, wholly absorbed in their own affairs. With gusto they eat, romp, work, discuss, enjoy. When they marry, three settings, Silver Bow, San Francisco, and New York, provide each sister a separate background, colorful, accurate, and so vividly drawn that the years 1904-1910 are recreated. One glimpses the huge hats pinned to the wire "rats" beneath, the innumerable petticoats, automobiles dangerous at eighteen miles an hour. One hears talk of "Sister Carrie," Roosevelt's election, Maude Adams, W. A. Clark, the San Francisco earthquake and fire (not used, one observes thankfully, to further the plot). The organization of the material is better than in Mr. Brinig's earlier novels, and a constant forward movement bridges the gap from book to book.

What has Mr. Brinig accomplished? Neither his characters nor his picture of Silver Bow is so dynamic or so intrinsically interesting as in "Singermann." The novel is, however, better constructed, and three characters, the mother, Louise, and her husband, live in their own right. The prize fight, the race track, the San Francisco fire are brilliant scenes. But far better are the glimpses of the girls at home; Louise facing a drunken husband; the mother, hot from the kitchen, scrutinizing her daughter's suitor. Though some characters are pallid and others mere types, the epic as a whole has dignity and beauty. Mr. Brinig has not written the American "Old Wives' Tale," similar as the two are in theme, organization, and detailed background, but he has produced an eminently readable novel.

Lucia B. Mirrielees is on the faculty of the University of Montana.

War in Tennessee

NONE SHALL LOOK BACK. By Caroline Gordon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1937. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST comes late into this Civil War novel, but he dominates it none the less. He does so partly through the impression he makes on its hero, one Rives Allard, a scout under his command; partly through the awe and trust he inspires in a great variety of Southerners of low and high degree; and partly through scenes in which he is shown vigorously planning, organizing, leading, and quarreling. We meet him first at Fort Donelson, getting his men out while the others surrender. A little later we see him capturing Murfreesboro. Then come some of the famous raids; then, in '63, the battle of Chickamauga and the quarrel of the bold, ill-disciplined cavalry leader with his martinet commander, Bragg. Every student of history knows that Forrest was a man of dominating personality, all the more powerful because rough and untamed. He had fought his way from poor-white poverty to wealth, from the lowly status of a blacksmith's son and slave-trader to a sectional leader. One of Miss Gordon's real achievements is a vivid and arresting, if incomplete, presentation of the man. Take one of the scenes in which her hero is watching Forrest:

> General Bragg, in his nightshirt and with his black hair all rumpled, stood at the footboard of a huge bed. He was listening to General Forrest who was standing just inside the door with Major Anderson. Forrest stood with one leg advanced and his whole body bent forward. He was speaking eagerly, persuasively: "General, it seems to me that the river is a help rather than a hindrance. Rosecrans is in Chattanooga. Burnside is across the river. The thing to do is to throw our army between

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

them before they can effect a junction."

Bragg shook his head. "That's a rough country, General. And Burnside outnumbers us badly."

Forrest took another step forward. Rives saw his face and was startled. He had not imagined that his General's face could wear such a look. Forrest's eyes were bright. His lips quivered as he enunciated his words. He was like a man pleading for his life. He said: "They outnumber us but they're demoralized. The whole Yankee army is demoralized, I tell you. Thomas's corps is the only one with any fight left in it."

In the last chapter the invented hero of the book, Rives, lies dead on the field of battle. The heroine feels her life empty

CAROLINE GORDON

and ruined. But we see the real hero, the great cavalry leader, still in the field, still pushing on. "He put spurs to King Philip. The great war-horse bounded forward. Forrest stood in his stirrups. The rose-colored flag danced above him, then dipped. It veiled his face for a moment from the men's sight but they heard his voice sounding back over the windy plain. . . ."

Of plot the book has little; a few scenes of ante-bellum Kentucky, a few love-passages, a marriage, and then the war swallows all private lives. The character-drawing is not elaborate or convincing. No reader is likely to feel wrapped up in the fate of Rives, or his young wife Lucy, or her war-ruined grandfather Fontaine Allard. Few are likely to feel that they ever really existed. The action is too episodic, and the point of view is changed too frequently and abruptly. At one point, for example, we are even momentarily taken—why, it is hard to conceive—to Grant's headquarters, and asked to note what he and Rawlins are thinking. As a novel the book never achieves unity of effect, never crystallizes. It contains much admirable writing, but this comes in episodic patches. These and the clear picture of Forrest are the chief merits of the book. They make it eminently readable, but they do not give it a place among the better pieces of Civil War fiction.

The World in Review

IN 1936. By A. C. Eurich and E. C. Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1937. $2.50.

AMERICAN HURLY-BURLY. By Ernest Sutherland Bates and Alan Williams. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES MCD. PUCKETTE

MARK SULLIVAN, and writers before him, have told in narrative-interpretive form the story of a generation or more. Frederick Allen successfully reconstructed a decade in "Only Yesterday," and there have been many scholarly annuals in special fields. Last year a twelve-month was reported in pictures in a collection of photomontages. Now Mr. Eurich and Mr. Wilson, who are the questionnaire makers of *Time* Magazine, review the world events of a year; and Mr. Bates and Mr. Williams attempt to highlight happenings in the United States in a rapid socio-political-economic survey.

Mr. Eurich and Mr. Wilson have written an excellently balanced and fair summary of the year's news. The general reader will profit by their restatement of the history of 1936. In addition to the simple narrative of events, the authors —as in their account of the struggle in Spain—put in information which greatly helps an understanding of the news. The information in this instance is a few hundred words on the parties in Spain and their aims. Some day a great journalist is going to arise who will discard the elaborately dull technique of American newspaper writing, its heavy-going, wordy repetition, and develop a style of reporting which will make the news more understandable to the average reader. Some of the special correspondents are headed in this direction now; the routine news report is drearily uninformative. Mr. Eurich's and Mr. Wilson's style suggests what improvement might be made.

The authors' selection of the essentially important is admirable. Here and there one disagrees with their judgment; for example, Mr. Landon's Buffalo speech probably was less significant for his criticism of Mr. Roosevelt's economics than for his coming out against teachers' oaths —and so against Mr. Hearst. But the book is in general a first rate summary.

The method used in "American Hurly-Burly" is the familiar one of selection of characteristic incident to tell a story. Perhaps few readers would expect a "hurly-burly" to be a dispassionate account; at all events it is not. Rapid, occasionally flashing in witty phrase, this story is told by narrators who observe always over their right shoulder—that is from a position well to the left. It is not a book to be given as a birthday present to Uncle Robert if he is a member of the Union League Club.

Nothing was right in 1936, in our institutions or their workings, in music, or in any other human endeavor. In reporting the national conventions of 1936 the authors devote almost as much space to the differences between the Socialist and Communist platforms as to the Democratic and Republican ones. In the light of the election returns this seems a mistake in proportion. Mr. Bates and Mr. Williams are caustic in many of their comments upon Mr. Roosevelt, but the extensive listing of a "Roll of Dishonor," including Smith, John W. Davis, James A. Reed, and others who deserted their party, hardly raises the historical level of the book. In Mr. Bates's and Mr. Williams's opinions, 1936 spelled the doom of many institutions, which will, nevertheless, probably survive this book.

Charles McD. Puckette is a member of the staff of The New York Times.

Pictures, Inc.

PARIS SIT-DOWN STRIKERS DEMAND HIGHER PAY AND AID FOR SPANISH LOYALISTS. *From "In 1936."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1937, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Magistrate Curran's Opinion

MAGISTRATE HENRY H. CURRAN has dismissed the complaint of Mr. John S. Sumner against the Vanguard Press and it is thus established by process of law that Mr. James Farrell's "A World I Never Made" is not an obscene, lewd, and lascivious novel. His action was predictable—it was predicted here—and makes it additionally clear that such organizations as the Society for the Suppression of Vice have now little power to interfere with the rights of authors and readers. Mr. Farrell and the Vanguard Press deserve the thanks of the community for their defense of our common liberties. Such prosecutions are insulting—the more so in that Mr. Sumner's society risks no punishment when it makes scandalous allegations about serious artists—but writers and publishers who resist them may forget the insult in the satisfaction of performing a public service.

Magistrate Curran's opinion was intelligent, realistic, and wise—and shows the advantage to society of having a cultivated man on the bench. He observed that there are fashions in prudery as well as in clothes, which is good sociology. He put the authority of the court behind a finding that the short words which attract Mr. Sumner are familiar to everyone, which ought to be quotable in later cases. He pointed out that Mr. Sumner's criteria of indecency would rule out much of the literature universally recognized as great, which Mr. Sumner's opponents have been pointing out for years but which seems to Mr. Sumner not only irrelevant but even an *a fortiori* admission that literature is evil. He went pretty far toward advising Mr. Sumner's organization to confine its activities to the postcard trade. *The Saturday Review*, saluting Magistrate Curran and resolving to accord the courtesies of the bench to any book that he may write, can find only one fault with his opinion. Is it not unwise to suggest to a person of Mr. Sumner's delicate balance that music may be erotic? Imagine the protector of our purity, with the clue thus gratuitously supplied him, agonized by night before his radio and working himself up to a moral raid on Tin Pan Alley!

About-face of Mr. Stearns

It would be easy to allude to the joy in heaven, and possibly also in Rotary, as the compiler of "Civilization in the United States" goes on developing his conviction that civilization is now practically synonymous with the United States. It would even be enough to allude to that repentance if Mr. Harold Stearns, while reversing his opinions, continued to have them in sets. Mr. Stearns was he who christened the Young Intellectual and it was the Young Intellectual who, for the most part, established the points of view and findings of American literature during the 1920's. A type-characteristic of the Young Intellectual was that he had his ideas in sets, and another one was that he acquired them by deduction from General Ideas and the Good Life and by a process of mystical illumination which was set in motion by prolonged navel-gazing. The same process may lead just as easily to equally absurd ideas which fit each other with the same neatness and economy but are colored with pearl and rose. But as Mr. Stearns's "America, a Re-Appraisal" (Hillman-Curl; $3) carries his escape from the Left Bank into a third volume, it becomes evident he is repudiating the methods as well as the findings of his critical generation.

But not altogether. Having spun much of his denunciation out of sheer theory, he spins much of his hope and praise from the same gossamer, and time after time he rushes happily, as before, into the fallacy of insufficient example, creating a triumph of universal benevolence out of what most of us would call only a pleasing incident, just as he once found the collapse of moral values in what was obviously just a bit of police court news. This is not a happy moment, what with the General Motors strike and the La-Follette Committee, to announce that corporate hostility to labor is on its way out. In deciding that the depression extended the social reach and realism of medicine, it might have been well to inquire first how far it also extended the scope of chiropractic and mail order therapy. While rejoicing over the disappearance of certain mass fads and hysterias, it is unwise to ignore the appearance of as many new ones. And so on.

Also, much that delights Mr. Stearns and his fellow convertites is far from news. The fact that he is now willing to see what is squarely before his eyes, however, is important as marking a realistic advance in criticism. It is pleasant to have the intellectuals concede the existence of the American family, though its existence is hardly a stop-press flash to anyone who reads the life insurance statistics. It is also pleasant to be informed by a person of Mr. Stearns's intellectual history, hardly a century and a half after the mold for books by visiting foreigners was set, that a great many Americans have good nerves and good dispositions, that on the whole we are an exuberant, music-loving, sport-loving, joke-loving people devoted to arts and crafts and games, that we are energetic and hopeful and confident, that we are addicted to neighborliness and co-operative self-help, that you can find much tolerance and self-criticism among the Americans, that our democratic modes remain flexible, responsive, and sensitively adaptable to change. But such a recognition, though it repeals much that the intellectuals have said, does not matter of itself. An important question is suggested: having accepted a lot of plain facts, are they willing to accept the implications also? All right, the American family is not breaking up, it is instead a social mechanism of enormous power—so what? All right, we have a vigorous native culture which works according to its own interior organization, not according to principles deduced from radically different organizations—where do we go from here? Are the intellectuals willing to adjust their ideas to such facts?

Mr. Stearns seems willing to. If parts of his book are just self-generated optimism and other parts merely a belated acceptance of the obvious, there are still other parts which begin a new analysis of American institutions and mechanisms based on the incorporation of such important facts. What Mr. Stearns has to say about politics and especially about business shows that he is now engaged with energies of fundamental importance. Nothing could be more favorable for a description of how America actually works. We cannot expect useful description from critics who are committed to their findings in advance—whose dogmas promise us that profits are evil and therefore doomed, that the business system is headed toward communism by way of war and fascism, that business men are just fools, bunglers, and crooks, and that the rest is doomsday. But if liberals truly are people whose minds are open to evidence and who are willing to pursue an inquiry regardless of where the facts may lead, then the present tendency of Mr. Stearns's thinking is a favorable omen. It is an astonishing fact that the actual social liaisons of business have been completely ignored by literary people and almost as completely by everyone else. Just how much first-hand help the literary can give such pioneers as the Lynds, Elton Mayo, and T. N. Whitehead is not clear. But they may be able to give them some help, and they can act valuably as interpreters of them to the troubled radicals and to the general public. There, if you please, is a promising avenue to the much-desired rewriting of American sociology. Mr. Stearns's book more than occasionally suggests that he is prepared to venture down this new path unchaperoned by metaphysics or eschatology.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *Virginia Woolf and Feminine Fiction*

Novels of Human Relations

SIR:—Herbert J. Muller's criticism of Virginia Woolf and Feminine Fiction was strikingly interesting to me.

I am no critic and not even a great reader. But I am a woman; and my mental comments, in reading works of fiction by women writers—with few exceptions—have been almost exactly the same as those voiced by Mr. Muller.

As to his explanations and conclusions I withhold comment. One question on the remark made in the next-to-last paragraph: "At any rate the fact as we now have it is that women novelists concern themselves primarily with the more concrete and intimate problems of human relationships, less with large issues and ultimate meanings." Does the writer mean that the intimate and concrete problems of human relationships are not large issues; or that "ultimate meanings" are not often found just there?

"It is there, rather than in politics, business, or even in religion, that the issues are urgent, vivid, and inescapable. It is there that they touch most poignantly and most radically the organic roots of human personality. And it is there, in the ordering of their personal attachments, that for most men the process of salvation must necessarily begin." The words are Walter Lippmann's.

It seems to me there is no quarrel with the subjects with which women novelists concern themselves. That they treat them in a way which justifies the terms "wispy," fluttery," and "dainty" is terrible but true. The reasons why they do would fill a volume.

ELAINE W. COGSWELL.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Scholars and Snobs

SIR:—Your recent dissertation on The American Scholar is an excellent example of the modern tendency to confuse scholarship and research. It is beyond argument that the sleuth-hounds of history and literature deserve a reward for their painstaking efforts to discover a fresh if insignificant boneyard to scratch in; but why call them scholars? Is it good judgment to turn from the meaty literature of England and America to gnaw jealously on a few scanty bones which the instinctive mob has ignored? Perhaps it is fitting work for the "lowliest minds," but I fail to see the analogy between the historical method in literary research and "effective relationship with life."

Where are the Emersons and Thoreaus today who read the classic authors merely "to make their own tops spin"? What would American scholarship be today if Emerson had spent his best years in a study of the sociological and historical significance of Jonathan Edwards and Thomas Paine? Imagine Thoreau thumbing through dusty records in a stuffy library in an attempt to glorify the hazy figure of William Byrd!

Literary snobbishness hurts only the snob. Let him lose his mental and spiritual perspective in an exhaustive study of some second- or third-rate figure in American letters. His book may amuse those who have time to spare from the first-rate authors, but surely he has not risen far above those merely mechanical exhibitors of scholarly technique in England.

HAROLD GUTHRIE.

New Providence, Iowa.

"HE WANTS *THE FACTS* ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON."

"A World I Never Made"

SIR:—The editorial which you so ably wrote in defense of Mr. James Farrell's "A World I Never Made," in the current issue of the *Review*, is of exceptional value. It is evident that the ignorance of Mr. John S. Sumner is quite outstanding, for any broad-minded being, upon reading the Farrell novel, would have immediately realized its great value. . . .

JACOB H. JAFFE.

Jersey City, N. J.

SIR:—I read your editorial in the issue of February sixth. You say that there must be ways of carrying the war into the enemies' terrain. It seems to me that one of the best ways would be to send reprints of your damned good editorial to every member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. It should shame a lot of them—if there is shame among them.

VERNE PORTER.

New York City.

SIR:—I have just read your editorial in the February 6th issue and I am so disgusted and so angry that I feel at the moment that I don't want to soil my hands with a magazine which publishes such rot editorially.

It is an insult to your readers to praise and uphold such vile, nasty writing as "A World I Never Made" and what and where your ideas of decency are I don't know. It is shameful that a magazine of the supposed standing of *The Saturday Review* should give voice to such sentiments and actually praise a work of such beastliness and indecency. . . .

ANNE C. TAYLOR.

New York City.

SIR:—I was very much interested in your editorial about that noble smut-hunter John S. Sumner. For some time I've wanted to write his biography with the title "Of Crime and the Liver."

Seriously, why doesn't the *Review* sponsor "The Society for the Suppression of the Society for the Suppression of Vice"? Any reader can become a member by agreeing to advise his friends of what Sumner is doing and to *deride* the work whenever possible. You could supply signs "EXIT IN CASE OF SUMNER" (with *The Review's* name on it) to bookstores, and they could have a window display of *jackets* of prohibited books. . . .

WINTHROP STEELE.

New York City.

Chat Qui Pêche

SIR:—Edna St. Vincent Millay's story of Jean-Pierre and Philippe, the eel, in the Restaurant du Chat qui Pêche, to which Mr. William B. Thomas called attention in your issue of January 30th, is entitled "The Murder in the Fishing Cat." It appeared in *The Century Magazine* for March, 1923, illustrated with woodcuts by J. Allen Lewis.

HORACE E. MCFARLAND.

St. Louis, Mo.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disillusioned Artist

THE LIFE OF RICHARD WAGNER, 1848—1860. By Ernest Newman. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1937. $5.

Reviewed by W. J. HENDERSON

THE long awaited second volume of Ernest Newman's life of Wagner has at last appeared. It has been awaited with the deepest interest by musical scholars, to whom Mr. Newman is known not only as one of the foremost music critics of the world, but as a historian well acquainted with all the modern methods of research and the enlightened attitude of biographers toward their subjects.

The first volume of his Wagner satisfied the musical world that this work was likely to be definitive. But the author himself confesses that there will undoubtedly be new information in the future and that the final word must be postponed. One obstacle in Mr. Newman's path has been the inaccessibility of the famous Burrell collection of letters. This was bought by Mrs. Mary Louise Bok, widow of Edward Bok, and founder of the Curtis School of Music in Philadelphia. The collection is in this country, and, so far as musicologists know, has not been utilized in connection with any work on Wagner. Mr. Newman is obliged from time to time to assert that such or such is a fact, provided the scant information found in the catalogue of the Burrell collection is correct. And unfortunately several letters listed in the catalogue are missing from the collection. They were stolen.

However, it is clear that no other source of information at present known to historians and biographers has been overlooked. The labor involved in the production of this biography has been enormous, and it has yielded valuable results. For those who find their greatest delight in uncovering the secrets of the private lives of celebrities the second volume, which includes the episodes of Wagner's "affairs" with Jessie Laussot and Mathilde Wesendonk, will prove a veritable mine of treasure. There is no news, to be sure, but a marshaling of details and a development of action which have the magic spell of fiction.

Probably the final impression in the reader's mind will picture Wagner as Mr. Newman paints him, a man whose spiritual organization demanded continual administration of the tonic of woman's sympathetic understanding. The Jessie Laussot incident crossed the boundary between idealism and ordinary mortal passion, but when the end was reached and the planned elopement abandoned, Wagner remained a thoroughly disillusioned artist whose inspiring affinity had turned out to be no better than a vain creation of his own fancy. About the Wesendonck affair Mr. Newman is settled in his conviction. There was no offense in the intimate companionship between the composer and Mathilde, the wife of his host. Minna, Wagner's wife, was unduly suspicious, and then, as always, she was wholly incapable of comprehending the workings of a mind like Wagner's. She could never understand his remote ideals, but like a thrifty German Hausfrau, demanded that he should manufacture goods that would command a ready market. After all the accumulation of evidence in these last thirty years or more Mr. Newman finds himself in the same attitude toward Minna as this reviewer was when he ventured to write a book on Wagner.

Mr. Newman deals at some length with Wagner's activities in the revolution of 1848. It may be recalled that Ferdinand Praeger told a circumstantial story in his "Wagner as I Knew Him" and that William Ashton Ellis, who translated Wagner's prose works into English, wrote a pamphlet to prove that the composer had no direct connection with the revolutionaries, in fact was a naive and unsuspecting victim of appearances. Praeger was long ago discredited, and now Mr. Newman discredits also the faithful Ellis by assembling a mass of proof that Wagner was a revolutionary not only in appearance, but in word and deed, and that his flight from Germany was no mere precautionary move, but the imperative resort of a proscribed political offender.

MATHILDE WESENDONK

There is much profitable writing about the conception, development, and production of some of the music dramas. It is gratifying to the ardent Wagnerite to read that Liszt did not confer a priceless blessing on his future son-in-law by producing "Lohengrin" at Weimar, but that he was engaging in a sound business enterprise. There are many absorbing pages of information about the maturing of the composer's plans for his "Tristan" and "Der Ring des Nibelungen." Mr. Newman's patient examination of all records and accessible letters has enabled him to present the details of this portion of his story in orderly array and with such clarity of method as to give the whole narrative a fresh appearance and authoritative pronouncement. Through the whole history of these conceptions runs the thread of Wagner's personal experiences. That he was one of those whose artistic life was related to his outward existence only as the latter disturbed his nerves stands forth in complete exposition.

It is to be hoped that the publication of the third volume of this great biography will not be delayed as long as that of the second. Without doubt Mr. Newman's work will hold its place for many years as the most exhaustive and satisfying of all studies of the life and achievements of this supreme master, whose music dramas are still the most potent magnets to draw music lovers to American opera houses.

W. J. Henderson is the music critic of the New York Sun.

How the Moose Grew

FIFTY MILLION BROTHERS: A PANORAMA OF LODGES AND CLUBS. By Charles W. Ferguson. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by DUNCAN AIKMAN

AMERICANS are tribesmen. We haven't, like Hitler's Germans or Mussolini's Italians, or the Quai d'Orsay's "fifty million Frenchmen," "fixed our loyalties upon the state with anything approaching steady fidelity," nor are we "willing to lose . . . identity in the mass." We are troubled with a heterogeneous population, warring social and business interests, an excess territorial spread, and "our inability to feel that we are personally a nation."

Hence, rationalizes Mr. Ferguson, fifty million brothers! Our warmer and more thrilling loyalties go out instinctively to the scores and dozens of economic, religious, racial, and social groups to which we somewhat complicatedly belong in the various phases of our struggles to master life. We bind ourselves to the groups by strange oaths and rituals and feel less lonely in an otherwise bewildering cosmos. It is exactly the same emotional process which leads the African jungle citizen to join the "Egbo" for the sake of stronger magic and a closer brotherhood with men of like social status, or which led the Greeks of Plato's day to join the Eleusinian mysteries. And somewhere between the Prudent Patricians of Pompeii and the Liberty League, there is a lodge of tribal sociability and emotional comfort in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

every gringo's vast wilderness of inner loneliness.

This sympathetic approach colors Mr. Ferguson's account of a good many dozen of the nation's outstanding brotherhoods with charity and humor. Sometimes, one suspects, it colors it with mild psychological inaccuracy. "It is wearisome to hear it repeatedly alleged that men and women join these bodies to transform themselves from nonentities into superior mortals through the abracadabra of the ritual," he declares. . . . "American clubs and secret orders have often grown in spite of the appurtenances and spangles, not because of them. . . ."

Anyone who was privileged to observe the airs of dour moral superiority sported by the Ku Klux Klan neophytes of a dozen years ago, or who has covered conclaves of really prominent Odd Fellows as a newspaper reporter, is pretty likely to have borne away an incurable impression that the inferiority sense stimulates the American's "joining" fervor quite as much as does any wistful hankering after union with his kind. Probably in the non-oathbound societies like Rotary and the Liberty League there is less of this "escape from nonentity" appeal than in the more or less proletarian orders of mystery and knighthood. Nevertheless, it is doubtful if forming bonds of virtuous action with one's fellow eminentissimi throughout the Republic ever did much to whittle down the average local tycoon's sense of self-importance.

And he plays no favorites. If he finds it amusing that the Negro order of Daughters of the Prairie prescribe "dictating to the Most Noble Governor" as punishable by a fine of not less than a dime nor more than a quarter, he finds it equally entertaining that the members of a chapter which deserted from the Beta Theta Pi to Psi Upsilon seventy-three years ago at the University of Michigan are still referred to by the fraternity sages as guilty of "perfidy unexampled since the apostasy of Judas Iscariot." He has an eye for the genuine services of Chambers of Commerce to civilization, but he has not forgotten the day when they were "witch doctors of modern business storming about the stockade and exorcising the demon of pessimism with rites of tribal magic." He recites the amusingly turbulent history of the D. A. R. with gusto, paying delicate tribute to the $18,750.40 worth of jelly glasses contributed by the Daughters to the last world conflict.

It is a book, in short, which makes a fair appraisal of the genuine zeal and ethical concepts of Masonry and the more serious brotherhoods, and of the excellent economic services provided by the more efficient insurance orders. But it tackles pretense and silliness with a deft knife blade where knife thrusts are due. Furthermore, there is no effort to dodge the implications of emotionally inflamed fraternalism at its worst.

The Ill-Fated Czar

NICHOLAS II. By Mohammed Essad-Bey. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1937. $3.

Reviewed by IRINA SKARIATINA

IN THE first line of his foreword Mohammed Essad-Bey emphatically declares: "This book is not a biographical novel, it is a historical biography." Richly colorful, brilliantly written, and far more poignant than any novel could possibly be, it sweeps the reader along breathlessly from beginning to end. Weaving in the fantastic historical background of Imperial Russia which preceded the Revolution, the author, nevertheless, does not once allow it to overshadow or dominate the tragic figure of the last Emperor. On the contrary, all through this book Nicholas II stands out lonely, weak, and pathetic, foredoomed to a reign of tragedy, mostly brought on by his belief in the divine power of absolute autocracy which he claimed as his birthright and that of his son. Had he, on ascension to the throne, granted a constitution, he probably would have succeeded in stemming the tide of revolution for many more years. But when approached by a group of liberals who had drafted for him such a document, he wrote on its margin "What nonsense." And again, on another occasion, January 17th, 1895, he told the representatives of the nobility and of the municipal autonomies not to be "carried away by senseless dreams."

"Born on the day of the sufferer Job" the fifty years of his life were the fifty links in an intolerably heavy chain of misfortunes. Not only did he suffer, but so did his family and the entire nation with him. It was as though a curse persistently pursued him: as a little boy he witnessed the death agony of his grandfather, Alexander II, mortally wounded by a bomb; he saw the nearly fatal accident of his brother George, result of a wrestling match in which he himself had taken part; during his trip around the world, while in Japan, he was wounded by a religious fanatic; his engagement to Princess Alix of Hesse Darmstadt took place at the deathbed of his father. At his coronation in Moscow on the Chodinsky Field five thousand people were trampled to death; the disastrous war with Japan ended with the destruction of the Russian fleet and the crushing defeat and bitter humiliation of Imperial Russia; the period of terrorism brought in a wave of assassinations, among them that of his uncle, the Grand Duke Serge, literally blown to pieces by a bomb; great fires, called "illuminations," swept through the Volga region and central Russia, burning many of the estates of the landowners; there were pogroms and revolts and the sinister day of January 9th, 1905, known as Bloody Sunday, when a vast number of workers who "for the first time in history were on a pilgrimage to the Czar," were fired on by soldiers and two hundred among them fell dead. Then came the Revolution of 1905 when the writing on the wall spelled the end of Absolutism. A few years later came the World War, defeat, the Revolution of 1917, the abdication, exile to Siberia, and death in Ekaterinburg. And side by side with these unceasing tragedies in the life of the Czar were the tragedies in the private life of the man. He spoke truth when he said "Believe me, I am the ill-fated Czar!"

THE RUSSIAN ROYAL FAMILY: *all were put to death in a cellar at Ekaterinburg.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Thanks for the Triad

"THE double-play presentation inscription—Walt Whitman to Edmund Gosse to John Singer Sargent—is on a flyleaf of a rare edition of *Leaves of Grass*, an 'Author's Edition' published at Camden, New Jersey, in 1882."—*The Month at Goodspeed's*

Tinker to Evers to Chance
Is still a remembered romance;
But fans say a million "No, nevers"
To Tinker to Chance to Evers,
And dead as the ash barrel's clinker
Is Evers to Chance to Tinker.

Then who would give money, or argent,
For Whitman to Gosse to Sargent?
For Sargent to Gosse to Whitman?—
The writers no more than the mitt-men.
But Whitman to Sargent to *Gosse?*
Just name the price. *I'll* come across!

DAVID MCCORD.

Desultoriana

A good many questions—some pertinent, some not, occur to the desultory reader. (Imagine my surprise, asking myself what is the literal meaning of *desultory*, to learn it comes from the Latin word for a circus-rider—viz., a reader who jumps through hoops, leaps on and off, and skips about from one horse to another.) For example I was reading John Morley's *Life of Cobden* and learned of Cobden's interest in the Illinois Central Railroad, of which he was an early stockholder. In 1859 he paid a special visit to this country, on behalf of a group of English investors, to examine the prospects of the I. C. on the spot. He reported "I have no doubt whatever that it will prove the best railroad investment in America."—It would be interesting to learn from some disinterested expert whether this forecast was justified.—From this the transit to the ballad of Casey Jones is immediate (his smash-up occurred on the I. C., didn't it?) but would have distressed prudent Cobden.

Federal Art Project

George Pearse Ennis working on a stained glass window.

The late George Pearse Ennis, often affectionately mentioned on this page, finished (just before his death last summer) designs for a stained glass window in the mess hall at West Point. The window, executed under direction of the W.P.A. Federal Art Project, illustrates episodes in the life of George Washington. I reproduce two panels as appropriate to the season.

Federal Art Project

I promised to give the solutions of the puzzles printed here last week. I remind you that they were borrowed from a delightful little book, *Brush Up Your Wits* by Hubert Phillips, published by McKay.

The Lily of Malud. 20 days.

The Literary Circle. Mr. Keats's favorite is Milton.

The Six Authors. Black, novelist. Brown, poet. Gray, playwright. Green, humorist. Pink, historian. White, essayist.

Mrs. Scribbler's Poets. (1) Byron. (2) Shelley. (3) Tennyson. (4) Keats. (5) Browning.

Big Indian was the mother of Little Indian.

If the squire died in his sleep, we could not know what he was dreaming.

I knew that all the to-do about Pushkin reminded me of something in the immortal Edward Lear, but I couldn't place it until I got hold of a new copy of the *Nonsense Books* (still in print with Little, Brown). The old one, which has been used by seven children since 1893, is deservedly tattered and lacks several pages.

Although we once had a kitten named Pushkin (ideal name for a cat) I doubt if life is long enough for me to take up with the "Russian Shakespeare"; we have one of our own. What I was thinking of, when the pushkineers burst suddenly into pibroch, was Edward Lear's Pelican Chorus—

Ploffskin, Pluffskin, Pelican jee!
We think no birds so happy as we!
Plumpskin, Ploshkin, Pelican jill!
We think so then, and we thought so still!

I have seen surprisingly little in print about the most remarkable book of 1936; and made lastingly memorable by public tragedy. The printing of *Old Spain*, drawings by Muirhead Bone and text by Gertrude Bone, was barely complete (one of the most superb jobs ever done by the Oxford Press; perhaps the finest?) when the Spanish revolution broke out and began destroying the buildings and glimpses Mr. Bone had put on paper. It is almost as if the artist had had some premonition: for nine years he had worked to get his vision spread on the minutes of humanity.

Some weeks ago I made a special pilgrimage to the Wakefield Bookshop to see a copy of this great book, which had already been bought by some lucky customer but not yet delivered. (There are only 250 copies for sale anywhere, and they cost 100 guineas, so the buyers are as few as shrewd.) The publishers (Macmillan and Co., London) said in their announcement:—

"Spain presented at the time this work was in progress a wonderfully complete theme. Lonely countrysides stretched to the gates of mediæval cities whose monuments had come down to our days in almost perfect preservation. The fastnesses of the Asturian hills hid pre-Conquest churches; and in the forgotten towns of the West the palaces the Conquistadores built for themselves still rose mellow and imposing. On the hillsides round Salamanca the only ruins were the convents that suffered in the Peninsular War; and over all Spain the watchman, with lanthorn and pike, called the hours of the night. No European land had clung so closely to its past, or seemed less likely to loosen its hold. Since this book was made a unique picture has been shattered for ever."

I thought Mr. Ralph Thompson (in the N. Y. *Times*) was a bit severe to reproach his literature teachers for never having mentioned Charles M. Doughty to him. Why should they? Doughty is extremely specialized stuff (*Travels in Arabia Deserta*) and also costly ($15). There was a Doughty *émeute* about 1922, I remember, and I was so carried away by what eminent people said that I spent good money for the two volumes of the abridged edition (*Wanderings in Arabia*)

(*Continued on page* 17)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ELEANOR OF AQUITAINE

Melrich V. Rosenberg

". . . She was to be Queen of France and later of England, the despotic arbiter of courtly love, and mother of that Richard who was to become almost legendary as the Lion-Hearted. She was to play a dominant role in culture's awakening and spread, but her deeds were to cause a war that would continue intermittently for three hundred years. . . . She was to drive one royal husband to distraction and another to a longed-for death. . . . She was to outrage the church and jeopardize the succession to France's throne by her illicit love affairs. . . . And she was to inspire the foremost poets of the day and be remembered as Queen of the Troubadours. . . ."

This first biography of the Troubadour Queen in English is filled with colorful scenes and characters: Saint Bernard, who inspired the Second Crusade; Eleanor's divorce from Louis VII, which made her the richest heiress in Europe; the Fair Rosamond Clifford, mistress of Henry II; the assassination of Thomas a Becket; the capture of Richard the Lion-Hearted and the intrigues by which he was finally rescued; — these are only a few of the high lights in a narrative that is rich, exciting, authentic. *Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell*, $3.50.

Other new books you will want to read:

Viewed Without Alarm
WALTER MILLIS

Europe today observed at first-hand by the author of "Road to War," who records his impressions in a concise and brilliantly readable book. $1.25

Told With a Drum
EDWARD HARRIS HETH

In a moving novel, the author of "Some We Loved" follows the fortunes of a German-American family during the Great War. $2.00

My Battle
ADOLF HITLER

A new, popular, edition of the leading political document of the times in which Germany's dictator sets forth his program. $2.50

Mooncussers of Cape Cod
HENRY C. KITTREDGE

The author of "Shipmasters of Cape Cod" now tells of the Cape wreckers and beach combers. Illustrated. $2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Legacy of Samuel Butler

(*Continued from page 4*)

inside, dissecting relationships, streaming consciousness.

In the end Nowhere became Everywhere. Erewhon, revisited, was just like Clifford's Inn, in the same way that Overton in "The Way of All Flesh," living his complacent, orderly life, with his pattern for living, buying milk rather than keeping a cow, was just like Butler. Erewhonian railways were started; the Bank of England became a Musical Bank, and men supermen. The ideal and the real coalesced, became one, so that Butler, looking at a row of books he had written, could glow with fatherhood, and grow food to eat by compound interest, letting his capital sprout it. He lived quietly and amiably enough in this twilight formed by the merging of the ideal and the real, constantly sharpening the one faculty he exercised—thought; ideas vivacious shadows along his path, and in his heart the certainty that as surely as lower organisms, wanting to become him, had become him, so would he, wanting to become what he admired—"big and very handsome . . . impossible to imagine a more agreeable and lively countenance . . . good at cricket and boating, very good natured, singularly free from conceit, not clever but very sensible . . . father and mother drowned when he was only two years old . . . heir to one of the finest estates in the South of England—" would become what he admired.

This superman vein has turned out to be rich indeed, richer even than he anticipated. And how zealously has it been worked! Two paths led Butler to it. His sense of personal inferiority made him transfigure into supermen all who possessed the qualities he felt he lacked; and his horror at having put down God made him enthrone Man in God's seat. He looked wistfully at whoever was unike himself, seemingly unafraid of what terrified him, movements and manners easy, clothes well cut, knowing without the boredom of laborious study, sinning as unself-consciously as breathing, secreting money as effortlessly as glands their fluids, and saw in him a higher form of life; Darwinism, amended to become creative evolution, held out a promise that this higher form of life was within the reach even of such as he.

Butler's supermen have multiplied, too, at an astonishing rate. Did he occasionally, a quiet, orderly person himself, realize their potentialities, catch a prophetic glimpse of what was in store for a world whose hopes were scaled to its own dimensions? Butler foreshadowed so much. His hand is in nursery school classes being taught the facts of life, no "mysteries where nature had made none" and therefore no "ambush of young days"; in birth-control clinics ladling out the sterility he loved; in the blithe companionship of comradely loves. His spirit dwells in clergymen with nicknames drowning unbelief in earnestness—"Does any man of science believe that the present orthodox faith can descend many generations longer without modifications? Do I—does any free-thinker who has the ordinary feelings of an Englishman—doubt that the main idea underlying and running through the ordinary faith is essentially sound? . . . Tell me that Jesus Christ died upon the Cross, and I find not one tittle of evidence worthy to support the assertion. Tell me that therefore we are to pull down the Church, and turn every one to his own way, and I reject this as fully as I reject the other. I want the Church as much as I want free-thought. . . ." His authentic voice speaks still, bidding the tide of human folly and bestiality and ecstasy to hold back because mind has conceived a quieter and more orderly pattern; his Promised Land has many mansions now wherein are "troops of young men and maidens crowned with flowers and singing of love and youth and wine."

One great change has, however, taken place. The Promised Land, as he envisaged it, had a single absolute—money. All else was changing; gods came and went; fecundity became no more than a handclasp; life climbed upwards to aerial regions where it was as impalpable as thought; but still there was money. He blew, and lo! mountains of misguided faith melted like snow, an eternity of chaos formed comprehensible order, the seven humbugs of Christendom stood revealed, the veil of the Temple was rent and its foundations shaken; but compound interest endured. He felt secure in the shadow of compound interest, indifferent alike to Heaven and Hell and his own fleshly being as long as accounts kept by double-entry were valid.

Now his absolute has taken on the same changeful quality as the rest. His Kingdom's single prop has collapsed. Money, too, like living organisms, has begun to go up and up and up. There have been super-currencies as well as supermen, and doubts have arisen about compound interest as earnest as Butler's about the Thirty-nine Articles. It alters the whole significance of his life—all shadow-fighting until the climax, the longed-for moment when his father died, and he laid hands on an inheritance in which he had implicit trust. What would he have felt if his inheritance had been brushed aside as lightly as he brushed aside the bond between parent and child, man and woman, present and past, time and eternity? How strange if the same uncertainty had gnawed at him about it as about the existence of a God! What havoc then!

This havoc has come to pass. Butler, living amidst desolate and desecrated temples of an abolished faith, insistence of abolished appetites, shrieks of souls tormented in an abolished Hell and demanding an abolished Heaven, clung to money. Now money too has been abolished, and his Promised Land become a wilderness, with, for content, only the fitful play of mind, cold light reflecting hate's heat—that's nothing. We are sprung from Butler's loins, and watching him is watching our begetting.

The foregoing article, somewhat expanded, is to constitute the introduction to "The Earnest Atheist," shortly to be published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The biography of the most remarkable and least understood figure in modern history . . .

Nicholas II

PRISONER OF THE PURPLE

by Mohammed Essad-Bey

The complete and fascinating story of a neglected man of destiny . . . that strangely sympathetic, child-like, isolated "Little Father" of all the Russians who never found the peace he sought. "Vital moving biography . . . dramatic, tremendously interesting."—*Virginia Kirkus.* 371 pages, $3.00.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 FOURTH AVE., N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AARON BURR

THE PROUD PRETENDER

By Holmes Alexander

"Holmes Alexander has succeeded more fully than any other biographer in re-creating the person of Aaron Burr and in explaining him."—*Henry Steele Commager* in *N. Y. Herald Tribune.* $3.50

TRINITY TOWN

By Norman Collins

"Made me laugh as I haven't since the great days of W. W. Jacobs," says *Sylvia Lynd in the News Chronicle,* London, of this story that has all England chuckling; the tale of a sharper who encountered a plausible scoundrel even more slippery than he. $2.50

The personal story of one of the most amazing experiences in modern aviation.

Hans Bertram's

FLIGHT TO HELL

Recently a young aviator set out with his pilot on a night flight from Asia to Australia—and vanished. Forty days later they were rescued by savages. The aviator's own story of the horrors they endured in the "bush" and the strange circumstances of their rescue makes a thrilling epic of modern adventure. Illus. $3.00

"The Provincial Lady"

writes her most amusing book

I VISIT THE SOVIETS

By E. M. Delafield

In Russia "the provincial lady" lived on a Collective Farm, roamed the cities, visited factories and observed not Politics but People. Her pictures of daily life and of the absurdities, delights, eccentricities and quirks of Soviet human nature make this the most refreshing book written about Russia. Illustrated by Leo Manso. $2.50.

"One of her best, if not her best novel."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

Sheila Kaye-Smith's

ROSE DEEPROSE

In this superb story of a woman the author of *Joanna Godden* has written her greatest success. "All readers will love her more for her fresh and thoroughly human picture of an uncommon type of woman."—*John Clair Minot in the Boston Herald.* $2.50

SALVAGE

By Roger Vercel

"In its conviction and realism it reminds one of Conrad."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $2.50

TROPIC FEVER

By Ladislao Székely

"A lively and extremely readable account of life on the Sumatra tobacco plantations."—*William McFee in N. Y. Sun.* $3.00

By C. H. Curran and C. F. Kauffeld

SNAKES and their ways

Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of reptiles at the Bronx Zoo, recommends this book as "valuable, interesting and readable." Snakes that fly and swim, snakes that are gods—and hundreds of others appear in this exciting volume. 67 halftone illustrations. $3.50

TOM PAINE

By Hesketh Pearson

A candid biography of the "filthy little atheist" who wrote *The Rights of Man.* Illustrated. $3.00

THE SOURCE OF CIVILIZATION

By Gerald Heard

A noted British philosopher's incisive answer to Spengler's pessimistic theories. $3.50

Best Sellers

THE HUMAN COMEDY
By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON $3.00

INSIDE EUROPE
By JOHN GUNTHER $3.50

MAN, THE UNKNOWN
By ALEXIS CARREL $3.50

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY
By HIRAM PERCY MAXIM $2.00

CANARY
By GUSTAV ECKSTEIN $2.50

MY TEN YEARS IN A QUANDARY
By ROBERT BENCHLEY $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS 49 E. 33rd St., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DR. PAUL B. SEARS
last week received a $2500 Fellowship from the Book-of-the-Month Club for

DESERTS on the MARCH

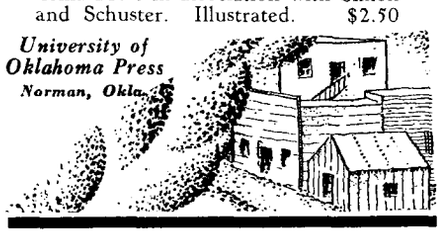
". . . for the distinction with which he has given one of the most pressing problems of contemporary American life, a dramatic literary treatment."

Of DESERTS ON THE MARCH the *N. Y. Times said*, "A fascinating book . . . deserves to be classed as literature as well as science." Hendrik Willem van Loon called it "the one book I wish I had read 30 years ago." Harry Hansen said Dr. Sears "writes with the skill and wit of a top-notch novelist and the dramatic fervor of one of the Old Testament prophets."

We earnestly believe that you will be one with the critics when you read this splendidly authoritative and dramatic discussion of "the greatest physical drama ever enacted—the conflict of man and his environment."

DESERTS ON THE MARCH is published by the University of Oklahoma Press in association with Simon and Schuster. Illustrated. $2.50

University of Oklahoma Press
Norman, Okla.



Danger Spots from Gibraltar to Port Said

THE DANGEROUS SEA. By George Slocombe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1937. $2.50.

Reviewed by RAYMOND J. SONTAG

"FOR of the Gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a law of their nature wherever they can rule they will." Mr. Slocombe might have placed the crushing reply of the Athenians to the Melians on his title page; for these words sum up both the strength and the limitations of his timely, but in no way ephemeral, study of Mediterranean politics. His exclusive preoccupation with power politics enables him to analyze conflicts of interest without cant; it also enables him to unite a fragmentary picture around the central conception of the Mediterranean as the arena in which through long ages empires have won victory or death. However, the modern master of power politics, Bismarck, always insisted that there were variables in the equation of power, loyalties, and aversions which he called imponderables because their importance could be weighed only intuitively and approximately. Democratic nationalism is the imponderable of our day. It has so far operated to build empires, but it may well destroy empires, as it destroyed Napoleon. Preoccupied with power which can be measured in terms of ships and fighting men, Mr. Slocombe minimizes the importance of imponderables like the Islamic renaissance which may in the end prove decisive.

With this reservation, "The Dangerous Sea" may safely be placed high in any list of books on world problems. It should be welcomed by those hardy souls who have panted from one crisis to another, driven on by invincible determination to understand the origin of the always impending and always deferred Second World War. Between Gibraltar and Port Said there are a score of potential Sarajevos. Spain is now to the fore, and Anglo-Italian rivalry goes on behind the façade of reconciliation, but other conflicts may soon be on the front page: Tunis symbolizes Italian jealousy of France; Jugoslavia and Italy have not decided the fate of the Adriatic; Italy and Germany try vainly to conceal the divergence of their Balkan policies; the Straits, Syria, and Palestine, the Suez, Egypt—merely to run over the names is to appreciate the fact that the Mediterranean is indeed the dangerous sea.

One could wish that this book would be read by those who have derided the "anemic" policy of Britain, even while applauding efforts to raise higher the Chinese wall around our own shores. A few months ago, much mirth was occasioned by Mr. Baldwin's lament that he was "getting tired and not sleeping too well." If we were honest, few of us would be confident, after studying the situation, that we could sleep well if we were charged with the task of protecting the Mediterranean sector of the imperial frontier, let alone the Empire as a whole.

After so much praise, a note of warning to the reader is in order. The author is a journalist, and an English journalist, but his book is not anecdotal, impressionistic, autobiographical, psychoanalytical, or trival; rather, it is rigidly factual, historical, and, within the limits of his point of view, dispassionate. The author's journalistic training is apparent only in the confident ease with which he strides over treacherous bogs where fact and myth are scarcely distinguishable, without a serious misstep.

Raymond J. Sontag is professor of history at Princeton University, and author of "European Diplomatic History Since 1871."

Expatriates in Corsica

SOW THE WIND. By Theodore Fredenburgh. New York: Lee Furman. 1936. $2.50.

THIS is a story of a group of expatriates and their loose living. It is set in Corsica against a background of native vendetta. Sug Gargan, semi-degenerate descendant of American pioneers, falls in love with Evelyn Barreton, an English girl. Gargan has no faith in himself and likes nothing but liquor and very few people except Corsicans. He has enough pioneer strength left to be brutal and honest to everyone. Evelyn tries to give him faith and break the influences holding him. She fails and Gargan settles a vendetta for a native family.

"Sow the Wind" is strong meat in the Hemingway manner and a good story.

EUROPE $60

Via freighter, the pleasant way that thousands of teachers, physicians, writers, retired people, etc., go. Large outside rooms; good meals. 16-21 day trip to Panama $55; many stops. Mexico $30; Alaska $22; Japan $90. Hundreds of low-priced trips to EVERYWHERE, from $2-$3 a day. Cut travel costs. Get the ONLY COMPLETE booklet describing ALL freighter trips. Send 25 cents (in coin or stamps) for Freighter Booklet. HARIAN PUBLICATIONS, Dept. HL, 270 Lafayette St., N. Y. C.

REBECCA SILVER Invites You to
FOREST HOUSE at INTERLAKEN
on Lake Mahopac
most picturesque spot in Putnam County. Excellent Cuisine. All outdoor sports. 50 miles from N. Y. Moderate rates. Open all year.
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y. Mahopac, 688 or 977

$10,000
for a First Novel. Write for details to Dodd, Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

ODD NUMBERS VOLUMES AND SETS
Of All Magazines Supplied Promptly and Reasonably
THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
950 University Avenue New York City

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green

(*Continued from page* 12)

and even went so far as to buy the queer archaic poem *Mansoul: Or the Riddle of the World,* one of 500 copies autographed by the old man himself. I found them tough going. In *Mansoul,* after much rummaging, I discovered a passage (p. 140 et seq.) describing Britain's Muse which was pleasant sedative reading (a sort of synthetic Chaucer); but my general feeling about Doughty was that unless one knew some Arabic, and had a notion of the country, the book could wait.

Just by chance I notice that Frank Bender, that excellent bookseller who now does business from his home address at 170 East 51, lists the two volumes of *Wanderings in Arabia* for $4, a good buy.

But, though no one may have suspected it, my little dip into Doughty had its influence on my private musings. It may never have shown itself in print, but I surmised that the spirit in which Doughty observed Arabia was the exact mood for studying a quite different terrain, New York City. I reprint a few sentences from a piece written for this Green a good many years ago:—

"Many critics have spoken—and many more will speak—of Doughty's *Arabia* as one of the world's great travel books. What they have said is true: though we doubt if that terrible, exhausting, and fiery work will ever be popular. . . .

"But there is a book of travel (or travail) still to be written, dealing with a wilderness even more appalling than the Arabian desert. That is the book, unwritable perhaps, that would deal adequately, honestly, with the terrible, magnificent jungle of New York."

A coeval and kinsprit of Doughty, also eminent in poppy, was Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, whose posthumous Diaries are unbeatable in their kind.

Sweet Swan Department

SIR:—Be sure to read a new Macmillan book—out in England, haven't heard of it over here yet—*The Problem of Hamlet* by A. S. Cairncross. He is orthodox; but what he doesn't do to demolish the "Stratfordian" chronology is nobody's business. GEORGE FRISBEE.

San Francisco.

Murder in the 17th Century

SIR:—Knowing your interest in Sherlock Holmes I want to make sure that you read "The Murder of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey" by John Dickson Carr (Harper). A beautiful piece of historical research, vivid writing and one of the finest pieces of literary detection that I've ever encountered. A really beautiful reconstruction done with the most deft and inescapable logic and penetration. As you observe, I'm a bit silly about it—but I'm so afraid that it will die unsung.

EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT.

New York City.

None Shall Look Back

the new novel by

Caroline Gordon

Author of "Penhally"

"The richest and most exciting story about the Civil War in the west that I know...this book has for the first time got the special quality of life and the war in the strategic center of the Confederacy, which includes those groups of states between the mountains and the Mississippi. Heretofore, Virginia and the eastern seaboard has been done until the public has come to believe that the war was won and lost in those departments and, what is more important, that Virginia and South Carolina was Southern civilization. So 'None Shall Look Back' opens a new field in fiction." —*Andrew Lytle, author of "The Long Night."* $2.75

Pie in the Sky

The New Novel by

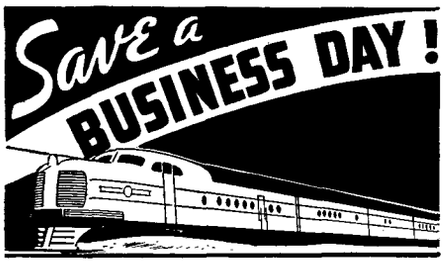
Arthur Calder-Marshall

Author of "About Levy" and "At Sea"

Through the interlaced lives of several groups of widely different people, each striving in his or her own way to achieve happiness—and some of their ways are peculiar, the author portrays in bold, unsparing strokes a vital and vivid picture of life in present-day England. $2.50

at all bookstores . **CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



BETWEEN CHICAGO·DENVER

ON THE Streamliner CITY OF DENVER

UNION PACIFIC OVERLAND ROUTE

OVERNIGHT • EVERYNIGHT

Here is truly luxurious travel. Completely air-conditioned. Bedroom cars, standard Pullmans, dining car, observation lounge, restful modern coaches—all exquisitely decorated. Registered nurse-stewardess in attendance. Only 16 hours en route. Westbound, leave Chicago daily 6:20 p. m.; Eastbound, leave Denver 4:45 p. m. NO EXTRA FARE.

LOW WINTER FARES

$37.28 round trip in coaches between Chicago and Denver. 30-day limit.

$41.45 round trip in Pullmans, berth extra. 30-day limit.

Ask any Ticket Agent for full information, or write

W. S. BASINGER
Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 526
Union Pacific Building
Omaha, Nebraska

THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC

Literary Fellowship

PRIZE OFFER

Two Literary Fellowships of $1,000. each (exclusive of subsequent royalties) are offered to writers of promise who need financial aid to complete some literary work. For details, address Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston.

The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

THE LAST ADAM. By James Gould Cozzens. *Harcourt, Brace.*
THE LORDS OF CREATION. By Frederick Lewis Allen. *Harpers.*
SOVIET COMMUNISM. By Beatrice and Sidney Webb. *Scribners.*

Assistants in Editing

S. L. G. of Philadelphia, Pa., *wants a list of books which may be of assistance to him in editing manuscript, especially copy for book publication.*

FIRST and foremost he should equip himself with a good dictionary, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL in the new edition, if he can afford it. and next he should buy A MANUAL OF STYLE, just reissued in revised form by the University of Chicago Press. This, to my mind, is the best style book obtainable, and is a very present help in trouble. It contains information on the planning of a book, rules for composition, hints to authors, editors, and readers as to the preparation of manuscripts, copyrights, illustrations, esimating manuscripts, proofreading, etc., a section on letter-writing, and a glossary of technical terms, symbols, and numerals. Almost half the book is given over to specimens of type and comment upon them. Alongside of these books I should place Fowler's MODERN ENGLISH USAGE (Oxford University Press), Roget's THESAURUS (Crowell), Weseen's DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR (Crowell), French, German, Italian, Spanish, and classical dictionaries, the Bible, Shakespeare, Bartlett's FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS (Little, Brown), and, of course, a good encyclopedia. (My own preference would be for the NEW INTERNATIONAL, published by Funk & Wagnalls). These general books I mention because anyone who has prepared manuscript at all knows how frequently a fact must be checked or a quotation or foreign word followed up. The foregoing are only a few of the books which will be frequently drawn upon for reference, but they will be in constant use.

Eugene O'Neill

M. D. H. of Fresno, Calif., *has been asked to discuss Eugene O'Neill and his work, and wishes help in finding material upon him.*

There is a great deal about O'Neill scattered through contemporary literary and dramatic criticism, of course, some of which has been given the permanency of appearance in books and the rest of which has never got beyond the paper in which it appeared. If M. D. H. wants to discover what has been written upon the dramatist she will find the bibliography appended to G. B. Clark's EUGENE O'NEILL: THE MAN AND HIS PLAYS (McBride) useful and his book a good quarry for the information she wants. Among other works which contain material for her purposes are Ernest A. Boyd's PORTRAITS (Doubleday, Doran), John Mason Brown's UPSTAGE (Norton), T. H. Dickinson's PLAYWRIGHTS OF THE NEW AMERICAN THEATRE (Macmillan), and Elizabeth Sergeant's FIRE UNDER THE ANDES (Knopf). In Clayton Hamilton's SEEN ON THE STAGE (Holt) she will find a section devoted specifically to O'Neill's Pulitzer prize-winning play "Beyond the Horizon" and in his "Conversations on Contemporary Drama" (Macmillan) a general discussion of his work. David Karsner has a chapter on O'Neill in "Sixteen Authors to One" (Copeland).

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON *Dorothy L. Sayers* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.50.)	Honeymoon endearments of Lord P. Wimsey and lady (neé Harriet Vane) rudely shattered by rural shivaree of murder and intrigue.	Mush-and-Murder sandwich. Grade A mush—for them as likes it—and 4 star mystery between pages 109 and 342.	No likee mush
THE PUNCH AND JUDY MURDERS *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	High handed Henry Merivale drags bride and groom from church door to solve murder case with amazing ramifications.	Galloping action, feverish good humor, some mysterious "dancing lights," and a twisted plot that unravels nicely.	Prime
UNSEEN *Albert Payson Terhune* (Harpers: $2.)	Thor, the collie, and four hives of bees help sheriff Brian Clay round up some desprit characters.	After an alarmingly soppy opening chapter it settles down to Class-A excitement with an epic slug-fest as climax.	Good

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Our anonymous collector of the Sorrows of Publishers adds that in an announcement from Dutton the Life of Mrs. Simpson (*Her Name Was Wallis Warfield*) somehow got listed among the Fiction. ☞Well, it's been stranger than. ☞Lippincotts, we hear, plan if possible to publish Hector Bolitho's Life of Edward on the wedding day. ☞Incidentally, Dutton's idea of a series of advertisements summarizing the whole panorama of reviews on outstanding books makes very interesting copy, and woven together with much skill. ☞Simon & Schuster are Winning Friends (booksellers) and Influencing People (customers) with Dale Carnegie's book; it had gone to 125,338 last week—of which orders by mail were about 12,000. ☞Tiffany Thayer, author of many best sellers and best celluloiders, has joined the Walter Thwing Advertising Agency, where his spirited hand will ejaculate copy for accounts as diverse as the Literary Guild, Webster's Dictionary, and Burpee's Seeds. Speaking of seedsmen, does he know Kipling's delightful *Pan in Vermont*? ☞Felix Riesenberg makes friendly and complimentary remarks about Mr. Thayer in his forthcoming autobiography *Living Again*. ☞Harry Snyder leaves this week for his annual spring trip to Honolulu, where he now maintains a permanent office. Mr. Snyder's partner, Mr. W. S. Hall, plans to revisit the European book markets (selling American books) this summer. ☞One of the most unusual books in the world is about to go to press for a 6th edition. This is *The Seaman's Handbook for Shore Leave*, published by the AMMLA (American Merchant Marine Library Association). This little book, which gives detailed information about over 400 world ports (and does not mince its warnings where necessary) is of great value to sailors and highly interesting also to travelers who dare to read something beyond the tourist folders. Any bookseller who has a few seaminded customers might well display it. The address of AMMLA is 45 Broadway.

☞Librarians, bibliophiles, all bookmen of good heart, were grieved at the recent death of Dr. George Herbert Locke, Toronto's famous librarian. Dr. Locke, once of the University of Chicago and of the staff of Ginn and Company, was prime mover in the remarkable expansion of Toronto's admired library system. In the Canadian *Family Herald* we find a tribute to him by his friend William Perkins Bull, K.C.

"George Locke, a strong, straight-grained, sinewy Irish Canadian, six feet three and two hundred and sixty pounds, was as great in heart and mind and spirit as in body, and was an outstanding example of manhood at its best. He had the shoulders of an Atlas to carry the burden of his associates. Here was no weakling who schemed to secure his ends, nor a Napoleon who dominated by crushing others. . . .

"Before he lapsed into unconsciousness, still full of ideas, he was planning an exhibition of rare Audubon books in the Reference Library."

Marriages

WIMSEY - VANE. On the 8th October, at St. Cross Church, Oxford, Peter Death Bredon Wimsey, second son of the late Gerald Mortimer Bredon Wimsey, 15th Duke of Denver, to Harriet Deborah Vane, only daughter of the late Henry Vane, M.D., of Great Pagford, Herts.

And then . . . a murder intrudes on their honeymoon!

THE NEW NOVEL OF LORD PETER WIMSEY AND HARRIET VANE

Dorothy L. Sayers's

BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON

A LOVE STORY WITH DETECTIVE INTERRUPTIONS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GAUDY NIGHT"

"Candidly I think it's the best thing she's ever done. It is the most fascinating mélange of love, wit, and murder ever mixed between two covers." — *Louis Untermeyer*

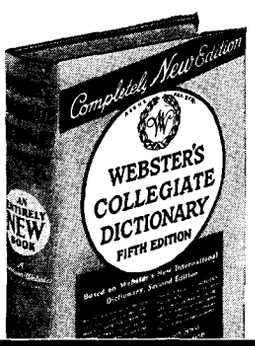
Just out, 381 pages, $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

COMPLETELY *New* FOR TODAY'S NEEDS

An entirely new book abridged from the new Merriam-Webster, WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, *Second Edition*, and characterized by the same outstanding scholarship and accuracy. This Fifth Edition of WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE is the largest and latest Merriam-Webster abridgment.

THE BEST HANDY-SIZED DICTIONARY



110,000 Entries; 1,800 Illustrations; 1,300 Pages. Thin-Paper Style, Indexed: Cloth, $3.50; Fabrikoid, $5.00; Leather, $7.00; Limp Pigskin (dark blue or natural), $8.50. Purchase of your bookseller, or send order and remittance direct to the publishers. Write for New Quiz and Picture Game—FREE.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
768 Broadway
Springfield, Mass.

The New WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE *Fifth Edition*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

TIME AND CHANCE. By Alexander Black. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. $3.50.

This autobiography, subtitled "Adventures with People and Print," is by a journalist who is now nearing the age of eighty. Mr. Black is rather more than that. He has led a varied and interesting life, has met a great many unusual people, can both write and draw, has been editor, novelist, and public speaker, and has the distinction of having made prefilm picture-plays which that historian of the motion picture, Terry Ramsaye, records as "a stupendous piece of pioneering." Moreover, Mr. Black writes with a tang and with geniality and humor. As a boy he printed his own paper, *The Young Idea*, in Williamsburg or the Eastern District of Brooklyn. He graduated to *The Brooklyn Daily Times*, the paper Walt Whitman had left in 1855. He went abroad to cover the Paris Exposition of 1878. With book reviewing he inherited Walt Whitman's desk (which afterward fell to pieces), and he began a long and exciting camera experience culminating in the picture-plays above mentioned. He joined the old New York *World*, becoming art manager and then editor of the *Sunday Magazine*. His anecdotes of Joseph Pulitzer are among his best; and he has some lively and interesting talk about the old cartoonists and illustrators. Later he took a whirl at advertising and then turned to novels. How he anticipated the motion-picture is well and graphically told.

One likes Alexander Black, from this book, just as one has always liked meeting him. He is a Scot but quite the opposite of "dour." He was one of the founders later on of the P. E. N. Club, and one of the bright lights of the old Author's Club. His reminiscences of the writers of his day were worth putting down. This is the story of a hard-worker who had plenty of fun, always, in his hard work. It is not great biography but it is of the typically American brand. It is also extremely readable.

W. R. B.

Christopher Morley

Devoted His Last Week's *Bowling Green* to the Amusing, Literary, and Mathematical Problems and Puzzles in

BRUSH UP YOUR WITS

BY HUBERT PHILLIPS

To quote Mr. Morley, "This kind of thing fascinates me, and gives a healthy respect for those powers of logic and calculation which we all possess and mostly allow to fust unused. . . . Here is something with which a moderately intelligent reader can sit down (not curl up) for real fun. And emerge therefrom not beaconing an eye of command but with wholesome shame for his own feebleness."

$1.25

Order from your bookseller or from

THE DAVID McKAY CO.

WASHINGTON SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

DOWN EAST. By Lewis Pendleton. Harcourt, Brace. 1937. $2.

Tall tales should be ingenious, nontechnical, relatively plausible, funny, and tall. This book doesn't quite meet the test. It is a series of letters written as if to the local weekly by two "Gooseport," Maine, citizens, each outdoing the other in recounting the exploits of his grandfather. Maybe it would be captious to insist that few Maine natives would commit themselves to print in such a contest or that none, having done so, would use this rather stagy dialect. On all counts the book is uneven throughout. Just as it seems definitely dull comes a chuckle; a few of the exploits are too far-fetched, a few are obscure.

At its tall-telling peak, though, "Down East" is fun. But the best of the book has nothing to do with its whoppers. It is the growing rage of the story-tellers at each other, the oblique digs they work into the stories to relieve their feelings. Baptist-Methodist, Republican-Democrat, pipe versus cigar, suspenders versus belt, even bass against tenor and a college education against none: as these deep prejudices clash they become our chief interest; we itch to see, not how one of the old-timers got out of his last fix, but how one grandson will turn the other's last personal attack. From praising his own ancestor, each comes to abusing his opponent's. And the end, dispassionately reported in the *Gooseport Weekly*, is worth waiting for.

K. B. K.

LOVERS. By Gina Kaus. Macmillan. 1937. $2.50.

This is a novel peopled by a preposterous quartet of lovers, who spend their chapters in talking, talking, of love, as though they had something vital to say about it. "What is love?" they ask, changing the while from one arrangement of pairs to another, "What is life?" "What is friendship?" "What is a woman?" They are profligate in answers, too, such as "Love is not a permanent emotion, it is a permanent emotional condition." The truth is that for them love is a long conversational orgy, long heart-pourings, sighings, longer letters—all of which would call for a fine Chopin obbligato, except that Chopin's is a genuine sentiment. These are lovers who yearn to embrace love closely; they have heard so many fine things about it. Their amorous philosophy is sophomoric, and so is their story.

N. L. R.

AND THEN YOU WISH. By John Van Druten. Little, Brown. 1937. $2.50.

Mr. Van Druten here presents us with a pleasant, civilized book. It is agreeable reading, filling beautifully the far too vacant void between the novel described as hammock reading and the novel with a purpose, or the one done exclusively in those one syllable words which so arouse the suspicions of Mr. Sumner.

Blanche Bowen is that small, dumpy, woman of fifty whom you see alone at the matinee, alone at the evening performances, reading the billboards in the lobby, smiling happily while the photographers' flashlights pop at the first nighters. The theatre is her passion, and about the theatre she is genuinely intelligent. She isn't well off, she hasn't many friends, she lives in a small London flat with her unsympathetic daughter, attended by a grim female servant who along with Mrs. Bowen's bound copies of theatrical magazines, is a relic of better days. Mrs. Bowen isn't at all sorry for herself, but now and again she wishes she had someone to talk to about the theatre. She finds some one, in the person of an obscure young lawyer who writes plays Sundays and evenings, and gets them back from producers as regularly as he mails them out. As their odd friendship grows Blanche Bowen quite easily and happily quarrels for him with all the people whom she would rather have died than quarrel with on her own account. She mends his socks, fights his colds, peddles his plays, and by sheer common sense persistence make a success of him.

This agreeable cup of tea which Mr. Van Druten has brewed may be whimsy, but it is flavored with lemon, not sugar. The characters are right; they make the plot, and carry the story to the climax, which is inevitable and undoctored. Blanche Bowen may well linger in the reader's mind—a faintly fantastic, affection-inspiring figure—several weeks longer than the briskly enameled, glibly introspective heroine of the novel he reads next after "And Then You Wish."

F. W.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 151)

PHILIP GUEDALLA—"HUNDRED YEARS."

A cheerful world left cards, bought shares, danced, bought more shares, and danced again; its infant city, faintly liquor-scented, with a deficiency of pavements and an abundance of politics, sustained the cheerful note.

(*The quotation refers to the United States in* 1836, *just before the panic of* 1837.—*Ed.*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Fanfare Judiciaire

THE hue and cry over James T. Farrell's "A World I Never Made" has already had its modest repercussion in the rare booktrade. It is a safe generality of bibliophily that nothing succeeds like suppression, actual or attempted. This is not to signify that every suppressed book becomes thereby a collector's item, or continues one even though it sets out in that direction with the casting of the first stone. It must be supported by at least a modicum of merit.

Inevitably an attack on a book tends to freeze the supply (which is usually reasonably ample so far as the collector market is concerned) and thus to make the book commoner than it would be were it permitted to proceed unvexed toward the reader. This implies, of course, a highly publicized campaign in the genteel Comstock-Sumner tradition. The most effective suppression is suppression from within—the stealthy, unheralded withdrawal of a book at the source, or librinfantisuicide.

The auction houses have their own way of handling affairs of this sort. No copy of James Joyce's "Ulysses" appeared at public vendue until the book was two years old, although it had been born with a silver spoon in its mouth. "Ulysses" first reached the block at the Quinn sale in 1924, when it was accompanied by the original manuscript, which brought $1,975. That made it respectable.

Sign and Countersign

FIRST EDITIONS OF TODAY AND HOW TO TELL THEM. By H. S. Boutell. Revised by Roger Boutell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1937. $1.50.

The heavy schedule of births, marriages, deaths, and decrees nisi in the American and British publishing family during the past eight years made a new edition of this valuable manual imperative. The late H. S. Boutell, in preparing the original edition, did more than assemble a mass of important data and present it intelligently. His inquiries impressed on many houses the practical value of some mark to distinguish a second impression from a first (or, for that matter, a twentieth from a nineteenth). The effectiveness of this unintended missionary work is apparent in the new edition, prepared by his father. Thus Bobbs-Merrill—an admirable house but, in the past, a source of vast annoyance to the collector and occasionally, perhaps, to its own accounting department—declared in 1928, "We are not entirely consistent in our first edition attitude" (which was a triumph of understatement). In the 1936 declaration the "not entirely" has vanished. Every Bobbs-Merrill first is now designated "First Edition" on the copyright page. In general, American and British practice alike is to do one of two things: (1) identify a first impression positively, usually on the copyright page; (2) identify it negatively by offering no indication that it is other than a first. It is gratifying to stress the fact that so essential a manual as this is available at so unbibliographically modest a figure.

John Carter Brown Library

As the first unit (and rightly so) in a projected series of privately-printed brochures on Rhode Island libraries, Eugene A. Clauss of Providence has issued "The John Carter Brown Library," by Lawrence C. Wroth, its librarian. Mr. Wroth traces the history of the institution and outlines its scope and functions, devoting some space to the exploding of "several misconceptions which are frequently brought to the attention of its staff." These are, stated positively, that the J. C. B. is not a museum but a working library, that its concern is not "first editions of themselves" but "all editions and issues and variants of any book in our field," and that the special interest of the library is not Rhode Island or New England or the United States or even the New World, for "an event so important as the discovery and development of America is not a narrow specialty: it is a phase of universal history of far-penetrating importance."

Books from the libraries of Jesse R. Doremus and J. Rich Steers will be dispersed at the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries, February 24 and 25, following exhibition from February 20.

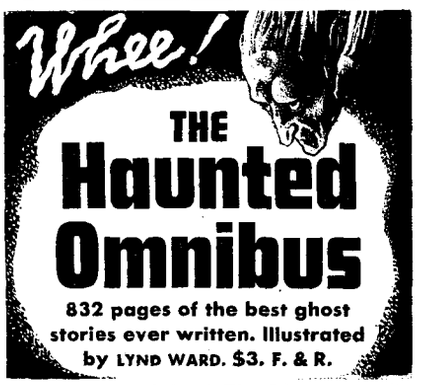
A BOOK of maps which will enrich your reading by bringing to life the great names and places of English literature. Complete Index.

"We've been enjoying occasional reference to this admirable little book. It gives clear and careful maps which identify the literary residences and allusions in various chronological periods, and also maps of special regions."—Christopher Morley, *Saturday Review of Literature.* $1.25

A MAPBOOK OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

by J. D. Briscoe, R. L. Sharp and M. E. Borish

Henry Holt & Co., New York



● Have you joined *The Discoverers?*

FORD MADOX FORD

—from Memphis on the Nile, to Memphis on the Mississippi

This "book of mental travel" swings the reader from the Mediterranean to the Mississippi under the genially erudite guidance of one of the world's most probing minds, whose thoughts are limited by neither time, space nor geography. Part of his trip was made by bus and included are many amusing and pertinent local references on towns and cities from New York to New Orleans. Here is a book to be relished for its smoothly flowing prose and the stimulation of its original ideas. Illustrated by BIALA. $3.00

GREAT TRADE ROUTE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Advertisement

BLADES

Keen Decision

When the makers of the new DUROL razor blade decided to submit their keen product to THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S keen readers, they made, as results proved, a keen decision. On May 25th the first advertisement told of the new blade, made of a special type of British Chrome steel fabricated under famed Sheffield technique; told further how, confident that blades made from this steel would have unusually good cutting edges, DUROL executives had a sample lot prepared, asked friends to test them. So successful were the tests, so enthusiastic the reports, that commercial production was entered into, direct selling to consumer decided upon. Only doubt which assailed delighted DUROL was that the low price ($1 for 40 double-edge blades*) would make skeptics think the blade inferior.

To safeguard against such a contingency, an open-minded audience was sought, found in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S readers. Although blades were offered on a money-back-if-not-satisfied basis, not one of the many who sent in their dollars have availed themselves of the guarantee. Letters from users claim that they can get 10 velvet-smooth shaves from each blade; DUROL itself would like to hear from "REVIEW" shavers about their experience with DUROL Blades.

Other "REVIEW" readers who wish to see (and shave) for themselves, may do so by sending $1 to DUROL CO., 245 Broadway, New York, N. Y. The guarantee still holds.

**Double-edged, DUROL blades fit double-edge holders.*

Shakspere startles a Harvard Man !

When Alden Brooks, former member of the English faculty at Harvard and the U. S. Naval Academy, began work on this seven years ago, he expected it to be a Shakspere biography. But he came on such clues that he had to change direction. So here, with evidence in support, is his challenging idea.

WILL SHAKSPERE:
FACTOTUM AND AGENT

A book important to all Shakspere readers
374 pages. $3

From your bookshop or

ROUND TABLE PRESS, INC.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED

AMERICANA

AMERICANA: Especially better items, relating to the West, Mid-West, South-West, and Old South. Catalogs issued. Wright Howes, 1142 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

OLD BOOKS. Catalogue 277 describes "Bargains in Americana," over 2,000 items—send 6c in stamps to cover mailing costs. Also available (4c in stamps for each)—Catalogue 272 "Personal Narrative" (source books of American history). Catalogue 273 "Old Books" in general. Catalogue 274 "First Editions of New England Authors," based on *The Flowering of New England*. Write Dept. E. Goodspeed's Book Shop, Inc., 18 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

AUTOGRAPHS

WALTER R. BENJAMIN, the Autograph Authority, offers for sale and will buy, letters of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Hamilton, Jefferson, Generals of the Revolution, The Signers and other famous American Historical Characters. Send for sample copy of THE COLLECTOR, established in 1887. 501 Madison Avenue, New York.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BOOK PLATES

ANTIOCH BOOKPLATES. Beautiful designs on antique finish paper. Send 10c for loan of sample album. The Bookplaters, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNESS, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GOOD BOOKS OF ESTABLISHED WORTH usually prove a wise investment. First Editions. Books by and about Walt Whitman. New catalogue now ready. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

LIMITED EDITIONS CLUB PUBLICATIONS: Wanted for immediate cash. Single titles or complete series. Schulte's Book Store, Inc., 80 Fourth Ave.

NEW CATALOGUE GLADLY MAILED ON REQUEST. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

FIRST EDITIONS OF ROBERT FROST. Price list in preparation. Inquiries solicited. Thomas B. HITCHCOCK, 32 Fuller Street, Brookline, Mass.

FIRST EDITIONS OF AUTHORS' FIRST BOOKS. Send for list now ready. The Aragat Booksellers, 1517 No. Clark St., Chicago.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, all unusual, rare Editions. LOWEST PRICES. Wholesale. Retail. Mail order catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French bookshop." Over 500,000 French Books in stock.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles and verse, criticised and marketed. Play and scenario departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

AGENCY SERVICE: All creative fields, Personal. No reading fee. Seeking Plays. Selected Authors, 53 East 11th. STuyvesant 9-3679.

JAMES G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. Marketing on commission. No advance charges. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C., or 5639 Rippey St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS MARKETED. Editorially recognized, professional aid in placement of fiction and non-fiction. Intelligent, personal assistance in revision criticism, editing for publication. New Authors invited. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

TYPING, minimum 50c. L. F. Plank, 352 Park Street, Hackensack, N. J.

EVERY PHASE OF WRITING—SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM. (Est. 1921) 1003 Times Building, New York. BRyant 9-4896.

CLASSIFIED

LITERARY SERVICES

EDITING, REVISION, GHOST-WRITING. Stories, articles, theses, books. Excellent references. Mary Douglas, 600 West 113th Street. UNiversity 4-0475.

MANUSCRIPTS INTELLIGENTLY TYPED, 5,000 words, $1. Revision. Elizabeth Urmancy, 1133 Broadway. WAtkins 9-9539.

POEMS CRITICIZED BY EXPERT. Books edited, published and sold at National Poetry Center, "Radio City," 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York.

YOUR WORK IS PRINTED IN CLUB MAGAZINE. It is criticized. You study the criticism of other writers' works as well as your own. Instruction and open forum in each issue. Write! William Henning, 1730 Second Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

OLD & OUT-OF-PRINT books searched for and reported without charge. Good books bought in any quantity. C. L. Pyetell, 860 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

RARE BOOKS

MENDOZA'S, New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your lists. 15 Ann Street, New York.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing. $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

ITALY INTERESTS YOU? Then communicate with Italian Literary League, 45 West 45th.

SECRETARY, 21, wishes position in West. References. Library experience. What have you to offer? Box 814-B.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND ART? Discover The Art News, unique illustrated weekly magazine; beautiful, timely, authoritative. Mail $1 for six issues (regularly $1.50) plus Christmas issue free. The Art News, 136 East 57th St., New York.

LADY share or sublet unusually attractive apartment. Phone 6-8 evenings. Ext. 2005—MUrray Hill 4-0909.

I WILL TRY to help any one who is sincerely searching for God to find Him; no charge. Box 802-B.

SPEAK ANY LANGUAGE by our self-taught methods. 37 languages for Business, Culture or Pleasure. Ask for List PR. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Established 1856.

16 DUPLICATE BRIDGE BOARDS—$1.00 postpaid. Duplicate Board Co., Syracuse.

$10,000
for a First Novel. Write for details to Dodd, Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Avenue, N. Y. C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

DON'T BE BEATEN TO A "PULP" by some writer with a bit more technical facility. Buy "A Guide to Fiction Writing" by Kobold Knight, who sells his own work, and find out how to sell yours. $2.00 postpaid, from M. S. Mill Co., 286 Fifth Ave., New York, or from your bookseller.

FEMALE bookworm would communicate with fellow members of animal kingdom. Box 811-B.

LADY would like a position as organizer or buyer for a bookshop. I have had a bookshop of my own. Best of references given. Box 808-B.

CONNECTICUT YANKEE, late twenties, lost in New York, desires interesting male correspondence. Box 813-B.

100 PERCENT JUNE SUNSHINE available now. Spring is here. The desert blooms in April and late March. This information furnished for your benefit by S. A. Everitt, now a guest of Champie Ranch. Horses and good mountain trails. Excellent food. Charming and effective hosts. Address Clyde and Ann Douglas, Champie Ranch, Castle Hot Springs, Arizona.

ROOM FOR RENT to cultured gentleman wanting attractive home-like atmosphere; family four adults; Columbia neighborhood. MOnument 2-2585.

ODYSSEA—Traveled American is in California. Please send your address to 730-B.

ANONYMOUS YALE STUDENT asks why I pick on Professor Brooke and not Professors Adams or Kittredge. Because Dr. Canby told me that Brooke was America's greatest Shakespeare scholar. Me for the BIG SHOT. Who are Adams or Kittredge? Take "probably" from Adams's "Shakespeare" and you have a piano without the white keys. To my notion, Kittredge stopped learning about "Shake-speare" when he got his first job as teacher. George Frisbee.

SEEKING STENOGRAPHER-SECRETARY, qualified by competence, intelligence, acquisitive mind and creative writing urge to become responsible assistant to business film scenario editor. Equivalent opportunity for either sex. John G. Curtis, 1448 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

SPRING FEVER? My pen drips sulphur and molasses in palatable form. Mitzi.

"YOUR COFFEE is the best I've ever used" writes a new customer. You will say the same. A dollar brings 2 to 3 lbs., according to distance. Bean or any grind. Richard H. Toeplitz, 65 Broad Street, New York.

JADED MALE, 28, searching for outlet from doldrums, seeks correspondence with miss on similar quest. Box 803-B.

SPENDING WINTER IN MIAMI—mature N. Y. C. professional gentleman would like to contact lady visiting in Florida. Box 804-B.

ARE ALL MALE READERS of Personal column adolescent Don Juans? Californian. Box 805-B.

FORMER EXECUTIVE, 42, with considerable and varied experience, would like to become associated with sound business in New York's metropolitan area. Would make substantial investment, if desired, after experimental period. Please state nature of business. Box 806-B.

ATTRACTIVE young woman, 29, college degree, 7 years as librarian, desires change of position. Work in publishing house, bookstore, or library. Box 807-B.

LIFE among the microbes begins at forty. Will anyone write woman sentenced to God's country by tuberculosis? Box 812-B.

RADIO-NOISE-HATING bachelor wants room or room and board. Washington, D. C., Georgetown preferred. Full details, please. Box 809-B.

FEMALE, writing unPromising Novel, needs part-time work—any. College graduate, 21, editorial experience; experienced handler of words, children, French (school abroad); manuscripts expertly typed, corrected. WAtkins 9-4955. Box 810-B.

BACHELOR, Manhattanite, Christian, wants room or small furnished apartment, professional people's refined private suburban home. Box 818-B.

FIVE DINNERS weekly desired by young business man. Village preferred. Box 815-B.

COLLEGE WOMAN, experienced librarian, needs job desperately. Cataloging private collections, books, music; literary research, anything. Box 816-B.

EXECUTIVE SECRETARY, editorial assistant, specialty children's book publishing, seeking new connections. Highest references. Box 817-B.

Double-Crostics: No. 152

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

					1-M		2-Y	3-D		4-S	5-G	6-U		7-V	8-P	
9-Z	10-Q	11-A	12-D		13-N	14-H	15-X	16-G	17-U	18-K		19-J	20-F	21-B	22-E	
23-I	24-W	25-L	26-K	27-M		28-C	29-D		30-E	31-W	32-T	33-Y		34-E	35-G	36-Q
37-O		38-W	39-N	40-V	41-G	42-H	43-I	44-T	45-Y		46-J	47-Z	48-Q	49-K	50-S	51-A
	52-Q	53-E		54-I	55-B	56-X	57-D		58-P	59-R		60-C	61-A		62-L	63-V
64-R	65-W		66-S	67-P	68-F	69-N	70-D	71-K	72-H		73-C	74-R		75-B	76-P	77-C
	78-I	79-R	80-S		81-F	82-J	83-E	84-K		85-J	86-V	87-U	88-Y		89-R	90-G
	91-L	92-P	93-C		94-F	95-I	96-O	97-W	98-H		99-X	100-G	101-O	102-A		103-Y
104-Z	105-X		106-Y	107-J	108-F	109-K	110-U	111-D		112-A	113-V		114-T	115-P	116-O	
117-B	118-J	119-W		120-T	121-E	122-R		123-Q	124-G	125-N	126-C		127-D	128-V	129-A	
130-W	131-R	132-G	133-P	134-K	135-U		136-O	137-X	138-Q	139-U		140-O	141-L	142-D	143-V	
144-F	145-M	146-B	147-N	148-W	149-I		150-M	151-A		152-E	153-C		154-E	155-G	156-V	157-D
158-X		159-V	160-E		161-P	162-S	163-O	164-Q		165-F	166-B	167-H	168-Q	169-I	170-M	

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's International Dictionary.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. To thrust down or away.

B. Like a small venomous snake.

C. Inhabiting an island.

D. Incineration.

E. Harmonious proportion or movement.

F. City in Pennsylvania.

G. Indolent dreamers in the Odyssey.

H. Mass of cast metal.

I. Trifles.

J. Uproar.

K. Resident hospital physician.

L. Incites.

M. Spacious.

N. Eskimo hut.

O. Failure to pay debts.

P. Gilbert & Sullivan opera.

Q. Aromatic white wine.

R. To install.

S. Abounding in recent events.

T. Pertaining to the dawn or the East.

U. American painter (1738-1815).

V. An accompaniment (var.).

W. Apparent.

X. A reality.

Y. Russian open carriage.

Z. An evergreen tree.

WORDS

51 129 61 102 11 112 151

21 166 117 75 146 55

126 93 77 60 73 28 153

127 3 57 157 12 29 111 70 142

160 121 83 34 152 22 30 154 53

165 144 81 20 103 68 94

41 100 16 90 124 5 35 132 155

14 98 72 42 167

149 23 78 95 169 43 54

107 118 19 46 82 85

49 84 134 26 109 71 18

141 62 25 91

27 145 1 150 170

147 69 13 39 125

136 37 163 96 101 140 116

67 115 161 58 8 76 133 92

36 138 168 52 10 123 164 48

131 74 59 122 79 89 64

50 162 4 66 80

44 120 32 114

87 6 139 17 110 135

63 159 40 7 156 86 143 113

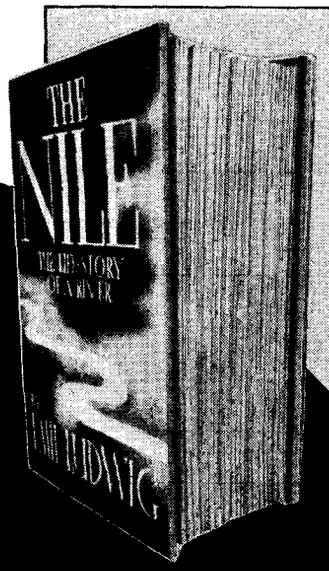
130 24 148 97 38 31 65 119

137 105 15 56 158 99

45 33 103 106 128 88 2

9 47 104

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Greatest Theme a Biographer Has Ever Attempted

EMIL LUDWIG

The author of *Napoleon* and *Bismarck* writes a new kind of biography—the life of the longest river in the world—and brings together in his chronicle the multifarious aspects of its life, both in time and space.

The NILE

THE LIFE-STORY OF A RIVER

4000 miles—6000 years pour through these pages as we watch the Nile give life to man and meaning to his history. Into the scheme of his biography, Ludwig has knit great figures and great events; strange peoples of wilderness, swamps, mountains and desert; the natural wonders of half a continent. 600 pp. 50 ills. 6 maps. $5.00

Discover this beautiful, haunting novel
In an ancient Alpine castle, a group of attractive young moderns is caught and held by an indefinable spell. An other-worldly atmosphere adds rich overtones to an unusual and charming story. $2.50

THE MOONS RIDE OVER

by Carl Zuckmayer

Well into its second large printing, this national success has been hailed as a literary and biographic masterpiece. *Ill.* $3.75

CATHERINE DE' MEDICI

AND THE LOST REVOLUTION

by Ralph Roeder

The author of *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* returns to India—and to the best seller lists! In its second large printing. *Illustrated.* $2.75

LANCER AT LARGE

by Francis Yeats-Brown

"Poignant, sincere, impressive."—TIMES
An instant success, this long, stirring novel tells what happens to industrialists and priests, farmers and housewives, lovers and children when the enemy sweeps down and envelops their lives. $3.00

INVASION

by Maxence van der Meersch

Goncourt Prize Novelist

ONE OF A SERIES OF ANNOUNCEMENTS FROM THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK

RUSSIA

A detailed, authoritative study of the system by which a new nation is being taught. $2.75

CHANGING MAN
THE SOVIET EDUCATION SYSTEM
by Beatrice King

YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

An observer estimates Roosevelt's first term, and the potentialities of his second. $2.75

HALF WAY WITH ROOSEVELT
by Ernest K. Lindley

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED